

for mercy at your dying day, hail your people to make haste, sir—half an hour may be too late”—and the poor fellow dashed himself down on the deck, writhing about, like a crushed reptile, in a paroxysm of the most intense agony; while the men, who were all clutched half-naked in the bows, with wet blankets on their shoulders, in the hope that nature would in this way absorb some moisture, and thus alleviate their sufferings, were peering out with their feverish and blood-shot eyes, and wan faces, at the helmsman, watching every motion on board with the most breathless anxiety.

“There, there—there is the cask on the deck—they are lowering it into the boat—they have shoved off—oh, great God in Heaven, we shall be saved after all!”—and the poor fellows raised a faint hurrah, and closed in on me, some shaking my hands, others dropping on their knees to bless me, while one poor creature lay choking on the hard deck in a fit of hysterical laughter, as if he had been a weakly woman.

The boat could not possibly be back under ten minutes; so I went below into the cabin, and never did I behold such a heart rending sight. The small table that had stood in the centre had been removed, and there, stretched on a coarse wet blanket, lay a half-naked female—pale and emaciated—her long hair dishevelled, and hanging over her face, and down her back, in wet clotted strands, with a poor miserable infant pulling and muzzling at her wasted breast; while a black woman, herself evidently deep sunk in the same suffering, was sprinkling salt water from a pail on the unhappy creature and her child.

“Oh, massa,” cried the faithful negress—“oh, massa, give misses some water, or him dead—I strong, can last some time yet—but poor misses”—and here she sobbed, as if her heart would have burst; but the fountains of her tears were dried up. The white female was unable to raise her head—she lay moaning on the deck, and mumbling audibly with her dry and shrunk-up lips, as if they had been ossified, but she could not speak.

“Keep a good heart, madam,” said I.—“I have sent on board for water—it will be here in a minute.” She looked doubtfully at me, and clasped her hands together above her child’s head, and seemed to pray. I ran on deck—the boat in an incredibly short time, was alongside again, with the perspiration pouring down the flushed faces and muscular necks of the kind-hearted fellows in her—their duck clothing as wet and dank as a boat-sail in a race.

“Now, Dugvane—hand up the breaker—quick, man, quick.” My order was unnecessary; it was on deck in an instant; and before I could turn round the men of the brig made a rush aft, in a vain attempt to carry it forward, but they had not the strength of children. We easily shoved them aside as it was necessary they should not get water-logged by a too free use of it at first.

“Now, Dugvane, mind what I tell you—make that small tub there full of live-water gray—no stronger, mind—and serve out a pint to each of these poor fellows, and not a drop more at present.” I seized a cup full of the first of it, and ran below. “Here,” said I, to the black servant—“here, take a mouthful yourself, and then give some to your mistress.” She shook her head, and made a sign as if she would have helped her mistress first; but the selfishness, occasioned by the grinding force of her own misery, conquered the poor creature’s resolution; and dashing, rather than carrying the glass to her mouth, she ravenously swallowed the whole contents in a second, and fell flat on deck with a wild laugh.

“Oh, massa, I can’t help it—nobody love misses like Jub; but could not help it for the life-blood of me, massa captain. Oh, my eye, my eye like cinder,—like red-hot bullet dem in, massa—oh, for one tear, one little tear—oh, dere come one tear—but God, God,

him is hot more as boiling turn, and salt—ah, ah, ah,”—and the poor creature sprawled about the deck in the utmost distress.

The master of the vessel had by this time entered, and lifted up his wife into a sitting position; and there she sat, with her parched mouth all agape, and the black fur on her tongue, and with glazed and half shut eyes her pinched features and death-like complexion, evincing fearfully her tremendous sufferings.

He poured some water into her mouth, but she could not swallow it; he tried again, and from the gurgling noise in her throat, I thought she was suffocating, especially as I noticed, that, as if conscious she was departing, she clutched her poor wasted baby to her shrunk bosom with all the strength she possessed. But she had swallowed a little, and this revived her; and after several other trials, the poor fellow had the happiness to see his wife snatched from the jaws of death, and able to sit up by herself with her back against the locker. She now began to moan heavily, and to rock herself to and fro over her helpless, all but dead infant, as it lay, struggling faintly, and crying with its small imploring voice, on her knee; at length she acquired sufficient strength to gasp out, “God bless you, air—God bless you—you have saved my child, and all of us—God bless you,”—and then resumed her moaning, as if she was suffering something that she herself could not describe. I sent on board for more water, and spared some tea and other small luxuries to the poor people; and that same evening, as the setting sun was dropping into the water, under a canopy of glorious clouds, beneath which the calm sea glowed like molten gold, gradually melting into gorgeous purple, I saw a small dark ripple ruffling the mirror-like surface of the sleeping waters in the east and gradually steal down towards where we lay becalmed, until I felt a light zephyr-like air on the palm of my wet hands as I held it up. Presently as the grey cat’s-paws became darker, and fluttered down stronger and nearer to us, and were again withdrawn, and shifted about, shooting out and shortening like streamers. Mr. Peake sung out, “There, there’s the breeze at last, sir, there, there,” and the small smooth shining canals that divided the blue shreds of ripples, gradually narrowed, and the latter increased and came down stronger, until the whole sea, to windward was roughened into small dark waves, that increased as the night fell, until both the Midge and the brig were buzzing along on the course to Havana before a six knot breeze.

The next evening we were under the Moro Castle, where we anchored; and at daylight on the following morning we ran in through the narrow entrance, and under the tremendous forts that crown its high banks on each side, and anchored before the magnificent city, this Tyre of the West, while its batteries and bastions, with the grinning cannon peering through the numberless embrasures, and the tall spires and towers and the highest of the houses, and the masts and drying sails of the numerous vessels, and their gay flags, British, American, French, Spanish, and of almost every country in the world were glancing bright and fresh in the early sunbeams.

PASSION FLOWER.—The passion flower is so named from its supposed resemblance to the instruments of crucifixion, and is imagined, by the devout, to have particular reference to the Saviour’s passion, or suffering on the cross. Hervey, in his *Meditations* in a Flower Garden, has an account of all the apparatus used in the crucifixion, and supposed to be found in the passion flower. There is a description of the cord that bound the limbs of the victim; of the nails that fastened them to the wood; of the hammer that drove the nails; and of the thorns that formed the crown.

I Love the Shepherd's Artless Rhymes.

Andante Expressivo.

love the shep-herd's artless rhymes, A shep-herd's joys re-veal-ing; I love the songs of

an-cient times, Their notes of sim-ple feel-ing; They ech-o'd o'er my

na - - - tive hills, When last I wan - der'd near them; And now my ear with

rap - ture thrills, In dis - - - tant climes to hear them, In dis - - - tant climes to

hear them.

fm *fz* *fm* *fz*

When hopes that could the heart entrance,
 On airy wings have vanish'd;
 When all the dreams of wild romance,
 From memory's page are banished,
 Such strains the heart awhile may soothe,
 Mid foreign wilds deserted;
 Though all the joys that pleased our youth,
 Have one by one departed:

Sweet is the dream of former years,
 When sleep the eye has shrouded;
 Sweet as the star that oft appears,
 When all the rest are clouded;
 Sweet as the warbler's latest strain,
 When storms the year have staided;
 Or ling'ring rose that decks the plain,
 When all the rest have faded:

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

WHEN TO LEAVE OFF DRINKING.—When you feel particularly desirous of having another glass, leave off—you have had enough. When you look at a distant object, and appear to see two, leave off—you have had too much. When you knock over your glass, spill your wine upon the table, or are unable to recollect the words of a song you have been in the habit of singing for the last half dozen years, leave the company—you are getting troublesome. When you nod in the chair, fall over the hearth rug, or lurch on a neighbour's shoulders, go home—you are dead drunk.

A SAVING.—An English stock-jobber, known for his unexampled parsimony, although possessed of an immense fortune, one day met a very poor man, one of his own relations. "Come hither, George," said the miser, "do you know I have just now made my will, and remembered you handsomely my boy?" "God bless your honor," said the grateful man, "you will be rewarded for so charitable an action, for you could not have thought of a more really distressed family." "Are you indeed so very poor, George?" "Sir, my family's starving!" said the man, almost crying. "Hark ye, then, George, if you will allow me a good discount, I will pay your legacy immediately." We need not add, that the terms were accepted of, and that they parted equally pleased with the bargain they had concluded.

SUBSTITUTE FOR A SOUL.—The custom of judging whether a man has a soul or no soul, by his disposition in regard to money matters, is not badly illustrated in an article from the Vermont Free Press, of which the following is an extract. A stuttering man, in great wrath, was rating a neighbor, who had overreached his wife in the sale of a rennet-bag.

"I know you, you sti-ingly dog you and your fa-ather before you—when you was bo-o-orn your fa-ather found a so-o-ould would cost a shi-illing, and he could get a gi-izzard for nine pence, and so he bo-o-ought a-a-a gizzard.

PRETTY GOOD.—Tip was a tippler when we knew him.—He was in the habit of lounging about one of the bar-rooms, taking every opportunity to get liquor free of expense. It was his peculiar way, when a glass was mixed, and the back of the purchaser turned, to drain the glass and slip it off. The ostler had called for a glass of brandy, when Tip came in. He immediately thought of a trick, and left his brandy upon the bar, while he stepped to the door. On returning, he saw the glass empty, and exclaimed, "Brandy and opium! enough to kill forty men!—Who drank that poison I had prepared? Tip was frightened—'I,' stammered he. "You are a dead man," says Brush. "What shall I do?" said Tip. "Down with a pint of Lamp Oil," answered Brush—and down went the pint of oil, and Tip not only got over the poison, but tipping too.

ONE MAN'S PROPORTION.—Jonathan came down from his farm yard to see the lions in the city, and among the rest our men o' war. He went accordingly on board of a national vessel, where his swaggering air happened to take the notice of honest Jack. The tar watched him a long time, and at length sidled up to him, with, "Who may you be if it's a fair question?"—"Who, why I am one of the owners!" "One of the owners?" "Yes, this ship belongs to the people of these United States, and I reckon I'm one on 'em." "Take your share of the ship and scud them!" said Jack, as he gave Jonathan a rope yarn and shewed him to the gangway.

A pretty considerable Head-ache.—A jolly son of Bacchus, who wears a nose like a handful of ripe strawberries, and resides within a hundred miles of Matlock Bath, after having sacrificed at the shrine of the rosy god, thus described his sensations on the ensuing morning:—"Talk of a head ache! my head aches all over from my crown to my chin! every hair of my head aches! (and pulling out half a dozen) I can feel these ache while I hold them in my hand."

E PLURIBUS UNUM.—A few years since the captain of a Militia Company in a certain town in New Hampshire who felt all the importance of the high station to which he had been lately elevated, resolved to have a *base drum* added to the drum and fife ordinarily used in his company. He accordingly visited the town of Portsmouth for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, and with some difficulty at length succeeded in finding a person, who had a *base drum*, of which he was willing to dispose, and a bargain was soon struck. But the Captain was somewhat puzzled with the phrase "*E Pluribus Unum*," which was carried in the beak of the American Eagle, and painted on the drum. He demanded an explanation—and was told by the wag, that that was the name of the captain of the company to which the drum formerly belonged. "Then it must be altered." "Certainly." The drum was accordingly taken to a painter, and the objectionable words, *Pluribus Unum* were erased, and other words substituted in their place. For many years this drum was carried at the head of the company—the Eagle proudly bearing in his beak the scroll, to which was attached the name of the brave and well meaning *E Jonathan Pilebury*.—*Bost. Jour.*

A TOAST HELPED OUT.—At a fourth of July celebration in Delhi, N. Y. where General Root presided, a militia colonel, who was sitting next to him, was called upon for a toast. Not having prepared himself before hand, he was a little puzzled what to give. He thought a moment and then concluded that it should be something of a military nature; but precisely what, he had not fully determined, when he rose and thundered forth:

"The Military of our country—may they never want!"—here he hesitated—"may they never want!"—here he bogged—"may they never want!"—and here he came to a full stop, and looking imploringly at the president, whispered, "what the devil shall I say next?"

"And never be wanted," whispered back the General.

"And never be wanted," roared out the Colonel. Thus they made between them a capital toast, which neither of them and perhaps nobody else would originally have thought of—reading, when put together, as follows:—

"The Military of our country—May they never want, and never be wanted."

UNWISE MAN.—The angry man—who sets his own house on fire, in order that he may burn up that of his neighbour.

The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do.

The robber—who, for the consideration of a few dollars, gives the world liberty to hang him.

The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable.

The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it.

The miser—who starves himself to death, in order that his heir may feast.

The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him false.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

GENERAL ISAAC HUGER.—An officer calling out to him, "General Huger, I plainly see one of the enemy's officers taking deliberate aim to destroy you." "That is no concern of mine," said the General. "If you think proper, order one of your men to take the fellow off." "Dodge, or, change your position," rejoined the officer, "or you are a dead man." "I will neither dodge nor quit my post," replied the General, "be the consequence what it may."

THE PROPERTIES DUE TO A LIEUTENANT'S PORTMANTEAU.—"When we received a route for Kilkenny, we were ordered to precede the baggage, and therefore directions were given to have it placed in the store, which was two stories high. I was always of opinion, that the less an officer was encumbered with baggage the better; but for such ideas I never received any credit, and my acting up to them was invariably ascribed to want of means to increase it. Be this as it may, my light portmanteau was put in the tackle; and one of the men, by a couple of quick hauls with one hand, whisked it up to the top of the store in a moment. The sergeant conceived that this was not done in a respectful manner, and called out to the fellow, "What way is that, sir, to hoist the lieutenant's baggage? Lower that trunk immediately!" And, as soon as this order was obeyed, "Now, sir," cried the exact non-commissioned officer, "clap both hands to it, and hoist away handsomely." The portmanteau was then raised as slowly, and with as much seeming exertion, as if it had possessed the respectable weight of half a ton."

THE GOLDEN AGE IN FRANCE.—A French periodical gives the following curious tariff of the value put upon injuries to the person, by the tribunal of correctional police, in the time of Louis the tenth. The ordonnance was granted at Vincennes, in 1314. For a blow with the hand, twelve deniers. For a blow with a stone, five sous. For taking a person by the throat with one hand, five sous—with two hands, fourteen sous. For spitting in a person's face, five sous. For a blow on the nose without blood, five sous—if there be blood, ten sous. For a kick, ten sous. For a sword-thrust without blood, ten sous—and if there be blood, twenty sous. For a wound with blood above the teeth, thirty-six sous—below the teeth, fifty-two sous. For a broken arm or leg, seven francs and four sous. And for each broken tooth, seven francs and four sous.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.—The Count de Ligniville and Count D'Auricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both captains of light horse the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count D'Auricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest of no avail. One day, Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment, and put his night gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and taking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately

resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but, to his great astonishment, he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil; he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavoring to call him to life, Count D'Auricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligniville, who was half shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between the two brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain, and this was the case with every misfortune that befell them; so that, on that account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both had often the same dreams.—The day that Count D'Auricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was near sinking under it.—*Paris Journal.*

Phrenology.—One anecdote concerning St. Clair the assassin, having excited considerable interest among the partisans of phrenology, we are requested to insert the following authentic narrative. Some surgical students of Paris, being desirous of laying a snare for the celebrated Gall, (who was at that time delivering his course of surgical lectures in that city,) contrived to purchase from the executioner of Versailles the head of a remarkable malefactor, and to place it among the human skulls deposited before the lecturer, to afford illustrations of his discourse; after which, they took their places among the audience, to enjoy the blunders about to be committed by the unfortunate craniologist. "What have we here," cried Gall, the moment he cast his eye upon the skull.—"How came this fearfully organized head into my possession? Never did I behold so frightful a development of human passion! The owner of this head must have been under the dominion of the most dreadful propensities, and with a singular tendency to their concealment." The skull was, in fact, that of Leger, guillotined a few years since on conviction of having decoyed a young girl into a remote cave in the forest of Versailles, where, after a series of outrages, he murdered her, cooked a portion of her remains, and actually fed upon them; a greater criminal probably never fell into the hands of justice.—The discomfiture of the boasters may be readily guessed.

PREPARING FOR AN EXPECTED EVIL.—FISHER, in his history of Persia, relates that an acquaintance of his, while residing in a certain town, was alarmed by hearing, in a neighbouring house, a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given, and a person was continually crying out, "Amaum! amaum! Mercy! mercy! I have nothing—heaven is my witness, I have nothing!" Upon inquiry, he learned that the sufferer was a merchant reputed to be very rich, who afterward confessed to him, that having understood the governor of the place to be meditating how he should possess himself of a share of his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habituate himself to the endurance of pain, in order to be able to resist the threatened demands. He had brought himself to bear a thousand strokes of a stick on the soles of his feet, and as he was able to counterfeit great exhaustion and agony, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money

From the New England Galaxy.

Degrees of Drunkenness;

"First, *Fresh*; second, *Emphatic*; third, *Glorious*;
fourth, *Upstairs*; lastly, *Insensible*."

FROLIC OF PUCK.

FIRST.

That ruby cheek, and sparkling e'e
Prove jolly Bacchus in possession;—
Prenunciatory of a spree,
They mark the aspect of a *Fresh*'un.
He fills the goblet to the brim,
Drinks and reels
Until his happy senses swim,
And his head reels.
He thinks his every thought is attic,
And soon from *fresh*, becomes

EMPHATIC.

As in a crowded house the throng,
Fast to the door are borne along,
Shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip,
All the ideas by liquor wrought
Are in a chaos, sudden brought
Upon the burdened lip;—
Justing, pushing,
Outward rushing

The crowd, each other's steps embarrass;
So one word o'er another trips,
Upon the *EMPHATIC* bibber's lip;
Though pressed not half ex-pressed, in vain,
You strive his meaning to attain,
His words but put himself in pain,
And serve the listener to harass;—
Forthwith he rises to the *squall*-ics
As if each word were in *italics*;
With gestures odd, and upraised hand
He *emphasizes if and end*;
Till to all present, 'tis notorious,
That he has reached the order

GLORIOUS.

As difficulties but incite
The impetuous mind to further daring,
His swollen tongue, tho' oft he bite
Yet will he still continue swearing;—
While deeper his potatoes grow,
His patriotism 'gins to flow;—
He damns the fool who does not think
A man to drunkenness should drink;
In politics his op'site party
Is visited with curses hearty;—
'Till his noise shows he has from *glorious*,
Gone a step further to

UPROARIOUS.

'Wake Snakes!' 'Huzza!' waste, and confusion
Bye-words, and shouts, and noisy revel,
Wassail and wine in sad profusion
Have with his senses played the devil!
Windows are smashed, and glasses broken;
Too drunk to speak; no longer spoken
His oaths are belloyed, such a rate on
As to astonish even Satan.
Until with liquor gorged full
He drops him down

INSENSIBLE.

Here 'Tacchi pienus,' full of wine
Behold the 'human form divine'
Like leather bag of ages back
His hide is but a liquor sack!

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best
physician, diligence and vigilance of the best mother.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

"Farewell, farewell, I fain'ting cried,
When I return thou'lt be my bride,
'Till then be faithful;—sweet adieu,
In absence oft I'll think of you."
The glist'ning tears stained her bright eyes,
Her thick'ning breath is choked with sighs
Her tongue denies her bosom's sway,
'Farewell!—I tore myself away.

"One moment stay," she stammered out,
And quick as thought I wheeled about;
"My angel, speak! can ought be done,
To comfort thee when I am gone?
I'll send thee specimens of art,
From every European mart;
I'll sketch for thee each Alpine scene,
To let thee see where I have been—
A stone from Simpton's dreadful height,
Shall gratify thy curious sight—
I'll climb the fiery *Ætna's* side,
To bring home treasures for my bride,
And oh, my life, each ship shall bear,
A double letter to my fair."

"Ah, George," the weeping angel said,
And on my shoulder fell her head,
"For constancy my tears are hostage,
But when you write, pray pay the postage." X

PETER-PINDARICS.

A milk-maid with a very pretty face,
Who lived at Action,
Had a black cow the ugliest in the place,
A crooked-back'd one,

A beast as dangerous, too, as she was frightful,
Vicious and spiteful,

And so confirm'd a truant that she bounded
Over the hedges daily, and got pounded.
'Twas all in vain to tie her with a tether,
For then both cow and cord eloped together.

Arm'd with an oaken bough, (what folly!
It should have been of birch, or thorn, or holly.)
Patty one day was driving home the beast
Which had as usual slipp'd its anchor,
When on the road she met a certain Barker,
Who stopp'd to give his eyes a feast
By gazing on her features, crimson'd high
By a long cow chase in July.

"Are you from Action, pretty lass?" he cried:
"Yes," with a courtesy she replied.

"Why then you know the laundress, Sally Wrench?"
"She is my cousin, sir, and next door neighbor."

"That's lucky—I've a message for the wench,
"Which needs despatch, and you may save my labor.

Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,
But mind you owe me one—I've only lent it."

"She shall know," cried the girl, as she brandish'd
her bough,

"Of the loving intentions you bore me;
But as to the kiss, as there is haste you'll allow
That you'd better run forward and give it my cow,
For she, at the rate she is scampering now,
Will reach Action some minutes before me."

YOUTH.—We were much amused the other day by
a little urchin, who threw a missile at one of his play-
mates, through the glass of a greenhouse. Of course,
several panes were broken, to the apparent astonish-
ment of the delinquent, who said, with great nervous-
ness, that "he did not mean to break the glass—he only
wanted to hit Tom."



Painted by V. Fisher

Designed by Anna de Jannin

AN ESCAPE.

Published by S. C. Adkinson.



OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"The wrathful winter hast'ning on apace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybar'd the green,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green;
The mantles rent where in wrapped been
The gladsome groves, that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every tree down blown!"

No. 12.] PHILADELPHIA.—DECEMBER.

[1834.]

AN ESCAPE.

FROM A TRAVELLER'S SKETCH BOOK.

It was the afternoon of an autumn day, and my journey led me over a range of low, broken hills, that skirt the southern border of the Ohio, not far from its junction with the Mississippi.—The path was narrow, and but little travelled, and wound with a devious course amid open prairies, knolls covered with dwarf trees, and glades of thick forest.

I had pursued my way for several hours, without seeing a human being, or observing a human habitation. But I did not regret their absence, for solitude often feeds the mind better than society. I left my horse to choose his way, and determine his pace; and, musing on things far or near, as they came pouring through my imagination, I proceeded on my journey.

It was at a late hour, and with a feeling of some surprise, that at length I observed a thundercloud spreading over the western sky, and already shooting down its lightning upon the tops of the distant hills. Its grey masses were whirling in the heavens, as if agitated by the breath of a hurricane; and the mist that streamed down from its lower edge, declared that it was full of rain. It was idle for me to turn back, with the expectation of finding any other shelter, than what the forest might afford; I therefore pushed on, in the hope of reaching some hut or house, before the tempest should burst upon me.

I had scarcely taken this resolution when a bolt of lightning fell upon a tall tree, at no great distance, at the same time ploughing a deep furrow in its trunk, and scattering the kindled fragments around in every direction. There was a momentary pause, and then a rush of wind that made the firmest oak of the forest tremble like a reed. This was succeeded by a second and third sweep of the gale, when a tall chestnut-tree, by the side of my path, was beset by the tempest. It wrestled with the wind for a moment like a giant, but suddenly it was torn

from its place, and thrown over exactly in the direction where I chanced at the moment to be. I heard the sound, and saw the falling tree, and, believing that I must inevitably be crushed, felt that momentary stupor, which often attends the first discovery of instant peril. But the instinct of my horse was not thus paralyzed. He, too, saw the descending mass, and with a bound, placed himself and me out of danger. But the branches, as they fell, struck his back, and his tail had well nigh shared the fate of that which adorned Tam O'Shanter's mare. This, however was the only adventure we met with, for I soon arrived at a small inn, and there sheltered myself and horse from the torrent, which began shortly after to pour down from the cloud.

Written for the Casket.

On seeing the Sun shine, after many days of Cloudy Weather; in Autumn, 1833.

FAREWELL! thy rays just gleamed awhile,
To teach me how I lov'd thee,
And e'er I felt thy cheering smile,
Its glad'ning beams had left me.

Black hanging clouds, like mourning robe,
Are floating high above me,
While gloom, and rain, falls on our globe,
To tell how they regret thee.

Perhaps, when looking from yon sky,
Upon the world beneath thee,
Ashamed—for Man's enormity
In grief I see, thou'st left me!

Heavenly, cheering, brilliant sun,
I pine, thus long to lose thee,
Along yon track thy course still run,
Its brilliant hues to cheer me.

Perhaps, thy rays, in glory bright
Are playing on the sea,
Whilst we are left in gloom and night,
So long to mourn for thee.

REMYNAND.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

An Old Maid's Early Dream.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

"I AM glad to go to the city, at last," exclaimed a joyous, rosy-lipp'd girl of sixteen, to her young school-mates, as she crammed an open letter into her pocket, and flew across the hall with the lightness of a bird. "Look!" she continued, flinging the out-side door wide open, and pointing to a shining vehicle which had just arrived; "I am to go in that; is'n't it beautiful?" Her associates, who had followed close behind, looked with something like envious eyes, at the splendid equipage, which was to convey their classmate to a scene which they imagined to be the finest in the world.

"To-morrow, to-morrow!" exclaimed Emily Browne, "only one night more, and I shall leave this old-fashioned dormitory, this enormous bird-cage, and launch out into an ocean of pleasure and fashion. Oh! how delightful, to be always amid smiling and happy faces, amidst music and parties, to be always dressed and always admired. But I must be off, and prepare for the happy to-morrow." Thus saying, she bounded up the long stair-case, while her sad-faced school-mates passed to the now dull and tedious monotony of the recitation room, to con over their lessons, while their hearts were far off, on more beautiful imagery. Emily felt a sort of contemptuous pity for them, when she thought of their low pursuits, as she now styled the duties of the school-room; and her heart beat rapidly, at the idea of the happiness which her sanguine imagination painted in long perspective before her.

Her apparel all looked shabby and common, as she packed the different pieces into an elegant new travelling trunk, which had been sent her from the city, and it was with much difficulty that she could find any thing suitable for her debut into the fashionable world. Her eye first rested on a pale lilac merino, but she turned from it with astonishment at herself, when she recollected that the summer was not yet past and she laughed outright, thinking what a figure she should make in the city with this dress, adding, as she folded it rudely up, "How tastefully it would shine in New York, in the blaze of an Autumn sun!"

The next that underwent her scrutiny, was a silk plaid, which had been greatly admired among her young associates, for the richness and beauty of its colors; but suddenly remembering to have heard it observed, that plaids of all kinds, had become extremely unfashionable in the city, she laid it carefully aside; for she could not find it in her heart to abuse so faithful and valuable an old friend.

The next in rotation, was a pink satin, but, Oh, dear me! The sleeves were so sadly out of fashion, that the poor garment was actually torn in pieces, and next morning the fragments distributed among the girls, to be manufactured into ridiculous, pin-cushions, thread-cases, &c. &c. as keep-sakes, to be used on holidays only; for after all, Emily thought the stuff beautiful. The next which came to view, was an elegant floun-

ed and embroidered muslin, sent from the city only the season before; but she thought it would better become a school-girl, among the Hudson Highlands, than a belle in New York; so it was given away to one of her most intimate friends, and her mind became at length settled on a pea-green damask, which, though a legacy of her mother's, it had nevertheless been recently done up in fashionable style, and so it was laid aside with a nearly new calash, of the same color, to be worn on the joyful to-morrow. The tea-bell rang before every thing was duly arranged, but she returned again to the delightful task with new alacrity, and while yet the sun-light lay on the tops of the forest trees, she had put all in proper order, and seated herself by her open window, to watch the last beam of light, as it departed slowly from the top of the tallest tree, on the summit of the highest mountain.

Now, when the cooling influence of the evening breeze, from the Hudson, was shed around her, and the sweet hum of nature, which is ever heard at twilight, among country scenes, stole upon the listening ear, her spirits became gradually calmed, and her mind soothed from the feverish, anxious delight, in which it had existed for several hours. She was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and often had she leaned out at this very window, and gazed with delight on the profusion of fruits and beautiful wild flowers around her; but her chief object of admiration was the broad, calm bosom of the Hudson, rolling its pure waves at the foot of the eminence on the top of which the house was situated, and winding along among the mountains, like a beautiful thread of silver, filled the mind of the beholder with sensations as chastened as purity itself.

Emily possessed naturally an excellent mind, and quick perceptive faculties; and at this secluded seminary, where she had been nearly four years, she was acquiring a thorough and useful education, when the long solicited permission to go to the city, put an end to her acquirements. This permission was at last brought about, by the decease of a good old maternal aunt, who had resided in the family for many years, and at the death of Emily's mother, took the entire superintendence and command of all the household concerns, and even Mr. Browne himself, never formed the most trivial plan without first consulting Aunty Sybil. The three elder sisters felt her loss in the domestic management of the family, but were, nevertheless, released from a sort of bondage which was very irksome to them during her life-time. Their father never restrained them in any thing, and they now felt their liberty to be complete. The case of poor Emily was soon brought into consideration. They had looked upon her as a sort of exile, banished from the pleasures of life for a season, to acquire something which they possessed not, and cared not to find in another; and all to please Aunty Sybil's "queer whims and notions." They had removed to the city after Emily's departure from home, and all along, their letters to her had been filled with blasing descriptions of the splendid scenes they mingled with in New York, the numerous parties they attended, the elegant and fashionable dresses they were con-

standily appearing in, and above all, the admiration, nay, even the homage which a beautiful female would receive in the fashionable circles in which she moved. Emily's mind was kept in a constant uneasiness, by these extravagant and ill-timed letters, and she often plead bitterly with Aunt Sybil, to be allowed to leave the boarding-school, and spend at least the vacations in the city; but the wary old sentinel, knew too well the effect such visits would be likely to produce, and utterly refused her permission to set her foot in New York until her education was completely finished, and her mind stored with that useful information and valuable knowledge, which would render her an ornament to her family and sex. The poor girl knew it was in vain to remonstrate, and she therefore redoubled her diligence in her literary pursuits, that her task might be the sooner completed, and the liberty her sisters enjoyed conferred upon her also. Not unfrequently, at twilight, after a day of excessive literary labor, would she steal out a few rods among the Highlands to enjoy the free mountain air, and perchance to watch a solitary steam-boat, as it passed down the Hudson to her beloved city. Often was the feverish temperament of her mind soothed, and rendered gentle and amiable, by these little rambles; and sometimes would she sit nearly a whole night at her open window, and gaze on the calm and beautiful earth, in its repose; while not the sound of a living thing was heard, save now and then it might be the plaintive voice of some lonely whippoorwill, which is a frequent wanderer among the Hudson Highlands. She loved solitude; and had she never heard of New York, and its splendid follies, she would have been most happy in this secluded spot: and even now did she sometimes forget all the world in the objects before her, and the pleasant emotions which tranquilized her bosom.

The letter which contained the news of Aunt Sybil's death, contained also permission for Emily's removal to the city; and it was accompanied with such glowing descriptions of the delights of the place, and the splendid parties in contemplation for the ensuing season, that the poor old lady was quite forgotten, in the first ecstasy of the moment; and even afterwards, when she attempted to drop a tear to the memory of her faithful old friend, she could not drive away the deep gush of joyful anticipation, which covered her cheek with a crimson glow, and made her bosom throb with delight.

As she was sitting by her window, indulging the various thoughts, and yielding to the various emotions which the circumstances naturally inspired, the notes of a lonely lute broke on the stillness of the evening, and fell on her ear with such strange and mournful sweetness, that her heart was softened with the most tender emotions; and she wept, with the rich solitude of feeling which flung itself into her soul. She had heard those notes before,—she knew the voice which accompanied them—she knew they were breathing a parting strain for her—and then—for the first time—did she feel a strong tie binding her to the Highlands; a depth of affection like that of mind for kindred mind—or, like the yearning of the soul after its likeness in another;

and she sobbed like an innocent child, as she covered her face with her hands, and listened to the last melody of the expiring music. She never, until that moment, realized the true feelings of her heart, or felt the strength of the bands which had been imperceptibly twining themselves for years around her heart; forming a captivity which even the splendors of city life, in long and beautiful perspective, could not burst at a time when the softer emotions of the soul held dominion.

A tree rose at the side of her window, and extended its branches above her head: she heard a rustling among its leaves; but supposing it to be the motion of some wakeful bird, she looked not up, until a low, trembling whisper caught her ear, and assured her of the proximity of some human being; she started back in terror, but her fears were suddenly allayed by the kind words of a well known voice.

"Forgive me, dear Emily," said the romantic intruder, peering from among the branches, and placing one hand on the old fashioned casement, "forgive me, for thus stealing upon your solitude; but they told me you were about to leave us; and I thought——," he hesitated;—her heart spelled out what his words would have uttered. "You are going to a dangerous place," he continued, after a short pause; "and many are the temptations and snares which will there beset you. Why not consent to remain with us a little longer? Surely the beautiful scenery of the Highlands cannot be wholly devoid of charms, if every other object fail to interest you."

She replied not, and taking courage from her silence, bending nearer, he added: "Dearest Emily, I once fondly hoped—but why talk of my hopes?—To-morrow, will convey you forever from my sight; and you will forget—in the dazzling vortex of gaiety and fashion, that the humble Henry Manor, ever wandered by your side along the shores of the Hudson, and braided wreaths for your hair, of the most beautiful wild flowers he could call—that you chattered in his ear, like a playful and happy bird—and that you familiarly called him by the endearing names of friend and brother." He paused, and waited her reply.

They had spent the last four years together, like two joyful and innocent children, in each other's society; not dreaming that a pang was taking root in either heart, to grow up in bitterness.

Henry was the only child of the good woman who conducted the seminary; and never did a son have a more excellent parent. She was training him up to the business of a silver-smith, and never did he go to his work, which lay in a village, about a mile distant, without first receiving her prayers and her blessings. He was fatherless, but so unwearied and efficient had been the kindness and labors of his devoted mother, that he felt it not. He was now just twenty years of age; to a tall and graceful form, began to unite that decided and manly appearance, which constitutes the whole secret of beauty and interest, in the countenance of the male sex. His fine form and face, formed a frequent topic of conversation among the school-girls; but Emily admired most of all, the rich black hair, which

clustered above his pale and thoughtful brow, and flung a softened charm over the proud expression of his haughty black eye. He sometimes sighed, that he was to be trained up a mechanic, but he always replied to these murmurings of his heart, that it was his mother's wish; and filial duty should prompt him to entire obedience. He loved Emily, tenderly and unreservedly; but had never breathed aught in her ear, beyond what the most common friendship might have dictated: but now—that she was going forever away—and going to mingle with scenes which would crush in the bud, any little cherished tenderness, which she might have indulged towards him, he felt he must know if he had any thing to hope for in the future; or, whether that parting must be a final separation. These inquiries were made and replied to, with deep embarrassment; but they were free from deception, and coquetry; and contained assurances of reciprocal attachment. A letter correspondence was agreed upon, and Henry retired with a happy heart to his apartment; not to repose, but to meditate on the felicity which he fondly believed would soon be his. Emily also, still remained at her window, to indulge the sweet visions which rooted pleasantly through her mind. She thought of the future, and joy and light seemed written on her footsteps, all along that uncertain track. Soft and harmonious sounds of love and contentment were breathed around her spirit: they flung a sacred charm over her mind, and wrapped up her senses in unutterable delight. The splendors of city life, died away in her imagination, when compared with the rich enjoyment of sweet domestic life; and the unrivalled possession of such a heart as Henry Manor's. A new world seemed open before her, and its sunshine and holy charm, bathed every object with ineffable radiance; life seemed a blessed vision of sinless things, fanned by the fragrance of perennial climes, and soothed by the happy songs of the birds of paradise. Her young heart bounded with delight, and how could it be otherwise, with such a shrine of unsullied innocence and purity? The gloomy forms of art and deception had never entered there, and the rich buoyancy of her spirits beamed from her eye, and covered her countenance with a smile of peace which lasted many days. More than an hour, she indulged these blissful anticipations and early dreams, inspired by purity itself: but at length remembering it was late, she retired to rest, and her sleeping visions were in the same train with her waking.

On her arrival in New York, she found that splendid preparation had been made for her reception; but the treasures of her heart had been left among the highlands, and she secretly pined to return again to their peaceful quiet. At length, however, the dazzling light of fashion and admiration began to allure her understanding—the adder tongue of flattery, began to have a sweetness in its sound, and she was persuaded to look with contempt on the quiet of country life, and above all, to despise the idea of corresponding with a mechanic. At length, Henry's letters remained unanswered, which caused great uneasiness in his mind, and made him resolve on as early a visit to the city as business would per-

mit. Meanwhile Emily became wholly engrossed with the gay scenes around her; she received proposals of marriage from many a flustering suitor, but her choice fell on one of great wealth, and of whom it was said, he would be the most eloquent speaker at the bar of any lawyer in New York; her sisters often jeered her on the subject of her former intimacy, asking her if she did not prefer a mountain boy, a highland mechanic, to Esq. B——; telling her she would make a fine figure, walking down Broadway with a *silver-smith*! At first, she was displeased at these remarks, but at length she learned to carry on a jest at the expense of poor Henry, with a very good zest, and even, as the love of coquetry strengthened, she would introduce the subject herself.

Her nuptials were to be celebrated on the 22nd of February, and as strange fate would have it, Henry's first visit to the city was made on that very day. His announcement caused the poor bride considerable consternation, and she flew to her sisters for advice, "Go to him, Emma, and speak kindly; tell him we wish his presence to a fine party here this evening; but hark ye, say nothing about your wedding."

The trembling girl knew it was in vain to remonstrate, but her heart smote her bitterly, at the idea of thus treating her old friend and lover; but suddenly the recollection of the admiration or envy, she expected to see flashing from every eye that evening, the high alliance her beauty and wealth had secured her, and above all, the little garlands of coquetry she had been for some time wreathing, she thought would be most gracefully displayed on that occasion: "And Oh!" she said, her heart bounding with delight, "what a fine figure it will make, when it comes to be whispered about, that so handsome a youth as Henry Manor, has come so many miles to sigh, and perhaps to weep at my wedding." Her vanity, and foolish love of coquetry now entirely overcame the better feelings of her heart and understanding, and she determined to make herself appear as lovely as possible in his eyes, that the triumph of her coquetry might be the more complete. Poor Henry little thought of the plot which was maturing, to destroy his peace and make him the object of ridicule and contempt for the party which he promised to attend, and for which he left his Emily with a buoyant heart, to make the necessary preparations. He fancied himself the happiest of men, and as the appointed hour drew near, he paced his room with impatience, keeping his watch before him, that not a moment might be lost by delay, not that he anticipated so much pleasure from the festivities of the scene, as from the society of his almost adored Emily.

The elegant mansion of Mr. Browne shone with great splendor that evening, and never, perhaps, in New York, had a more becoming bridal dress been worn, than graced the beautiful form of Emily, and gathered up a sort of scornful expression in her eye, as she adjusted the last ringlet, and seated herself in her own apartment to wait Esq. B——'s arrival. The hour passed over, however, and he came not; it was thought exceedingly singular, but no one doubted of his speedy arrival. Henry wondered greatly at

what he saw and heard, and inquiry at length unfolded to him the whole mystery with which he had felt himself surrounded. He dashed through the crowd, and declaring he had something of importance to say to Emily, was conducted to her apartment. Supposing it to be her intended husband, she arose to meet him; but what was her surprise, when she beheld the injured Henry Manor before her, pale and trembling with emotion, and scarcely able to articulate her name. Soon recovering his self-possession, he said in a low voice: "I came, not to upbraid you, Emily, but to leave you my forgiveness and my blessing. I hope you may yet see, and understand, the wrong you have inflicted on the most devoted of hearts; but, may God avert its punishment from your head. I shall endeavour to forget this painful evening, and——" his voice faltered, and his manly heart seemed contending with powerful and conflicting emotions; but it was for a moment only. Rallying himself, he added; "Should your ever need a friend, call on Henry Manor;"—then gazing steadily in her face a moment, he hurried from the apartment, and was seen no more in that place. Emily felt her heart sink within her, but striving against her better feelings, she essayed to laugh at his emotion, and scorn his offers of friendship.

Another hour passed, and strange surmises and whispers began to be industriously circulated among the vast company, which was now all assembled, and waiting in uneasy suspense. At length, however, a messenger came, and brought sad tidings! The bridegroom had been seized with sudden illness, and begged to be excused; but the fact was, he had all along secretly solicited the hand of another, who had perseveringly refused his suit, and he had given the case up as hopeless, until that very evening, when he received a short note from his lady love which made him the happiest man in the world, and the next week they were married, without any farther comment or explanation. Emily was so chagrined, and her pride so deeply wounded by this dreadful slight, that she shut herself up in her room, and refused all society. Her sisters, who were not less mortified than herself, now set themselves busily at work to put slanderous stories in motion respecting the newly married couple, particularly the wife, who seemed the object of their most inveterate malice; her family stood very high in society, and soon this slanderous abuse of their relative was so resented by them as to plunge Mr. Browne deeply into the law; and the daughters still continued to take so active a part in the business, that they rendered themselves disgusting. They were accordingly neglected by degrees, and finally no one visited the house, unless it was some old family gossip, or perchance now and then, some dandy money-hunter, who cared more for his mustaches than his mind, and valued in the same ratio a heavy purse and the good qualities of a wife.

At the expiration of a few months, Mr. Browne informed his daughters, that in addition to what he had expended in the law, he had lost several very large sums in trade, by the failures of country dealers, which had reduced him to actual

poverty, and in the course of a few weeks he should be under the necessity of removing to some small and hired mansion. In this dilemma, the poor girls shut themselves up to consult together what they should do. After a distressing time of resolves and re-resolves, the eldest proposed that each one should accept of some rejected offer, and thus secure herself some sort of a settlement, before their father's insolvency became public.

"But here is little Emma," exclaimed one of them; "she looks exceedingly dejected; thinking, probably, that no one will have her, after such a disgrace as she has sustained."

"What, not the genteel highland mechanic?" cried another, tapping Emily on the cheek; "never fear, sister; he would gladly walk on his head to New York, could he but carry you back with him."

"I have no doubt of his good will," replied Emily, "but it humbles me exceedingly, to have to offer myself to him, after what has passed."

"But that was only a trifle," said another, "written on the page of coquetry, which marriage will blot out. I intend to have Dick Denson, the country merchant, whom I treated so scornfully last fall. He knows not what I have suffered in society, nor my ruined fortune, and you all know he thinks me next to an angel."

Several letters were forthwith despatched, and never was the arrival of the penny post, or some sort of messenger, more eagerly desired. At length Mr. T —, was announced. The elder of the sisters laughed aloud with joy, and hastily renewing her rouge, and putting on one of her prettiest airs, she passed to the best parlour, not a whit doubting but she should soon walk there as a bride. Mr. T — received her very gravely, and after the first salutation, desired her to sit down and hear him patiently a few moments, as he had but a short time to remain.

"Your note, Miss Browne," said he, looking her full in the face, "was duly received; but I am surprised that you should think of a connection with me. When I offered you my hand, I believed you possessed of all those amiable qualities which render woman lovely, and also tenderly solicitous for my happiness; but when I discovered your entire want of regard for me, your coquetry and flirtations, I feared you, and have since deemed my escape a merciful interposition of Heaven. Take my advice, Miss Browne, and never desire a connection with a man for whom you have no tender regard, or with whom you have thus trifled." Wishing her prosperity through life, he bade her good morning, and hurried from the parlour, leaving her as pale and motionless as a statue.

Her next sister was more successful, as the dandy physician to whom she offered herself, cared for her fortune only; and deeming this secure, he joyfully accepted her proposal. They were speedily married, and each secretly triumphed in the bargain they believed they had made; but the wretchedness that ensued in after life, was a stern proof, that marriage contracted on such narrow and selfish principles, can never be productive of domestic felicity.

A short time after this event, the same penny post brought a letter from Dick Denson and

Henry Manor. Emily grasped the anxiously looked for packet, and trembling with emotion, fled to her own apartment. The letter from the country merchant was broken open on the spot, and its contents were as follows:

DEAR MADAM:—I am sorry to disappoint you, but really, I was married to a lovely woman in just three weeks after leaving you. It is surprising that you should possess so deep a regard for me as to have it still continue, and make you so extremely miserable. Please excuse the brevity of my note, as you know that commonplace business usually receives but a small share of attention while the honey-moon lasts.

Yours, &c.

RICHARD DENSON.

The vexation of the poor girl was indescribable. She beat her breast in an agony of grief and shame, and flinging herself flat on the floor, she gave full vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. The torrent of passion having subsided, she remembered that Emily had received a letter also, and with a sort of envious emotion, she hastened to learn its contents. She found Emily as colorless as the letter in her hand, which she grasped convulsively, and yielded only at her sister's earnest entreaties. It read as follows:

DEAR EMILY:—Your communication was the first intelligence I have received from you since I saw you, as I supposed, on the evening of your marriage. I am sincerely sorry for your misfortunes; and be not offended at my plainness, if I assure you, that pride and deception seldom go unpunished. Had you loved me, Emily, as my devoted heart fondly believed, and as you declared, you could never have treated me as you did; and this fact taught me a lesson, which was exceedingly painful to be learned; but the task is now nearly accomplished, and I would not, for the wealth of the Indies, have those feelings revived which once existed in my bosom. The coquet is altogether an unsuitable companion for a sober and rational man. I would therefore entreat you, if you expect any happiness in this life, or in the life to come, to repent before God, and to forsake the dangerous path you are pursuing. I am still your friend, and any assistance I can render you, shall be cheerfully done; but a dearer sentiment than common friendship, must never again be awakened in my heart towards you. I am happy now, and that you may be so also, is the sincere prayer of your

Well wisher, &c.

H. MANOR.

"What fools we have been," exclaimed Emily's sister, with bitterness; "we might—but why talk of what we might have done? all is over now. But stop: I have just bethought me of the tall young poet, and his intimate friend, the printer. You recollect the delicate sonnet the former composed on my beauty, and also the splendid visiting cards which the latter presented you, as a specimen of his uncommon ingenuity. We will invite them to tea to-morrow."

Seven years from that evening, Emily Browne sat in the little parlor of a friend, alone, and sad hearted. She had buried her father and two sisters; and the one who remained, was nothing less than a living death. Married as she had been for the sake of her supposed fortune, a

knowledge of her poverty had rendered her a hated and miserable being, and the abuse she constantly received from her iron-hearted husband, was fast bringing her also, to an early grave.

Poor Emily had not received a single offer of marriage since her disappointment, and she now subsisted solely on the trifling income of her needle. She often wept bitterly over her egregious errors, and the image of Henry Manor was seldom out of her mind. She had heard of the high reputation he had acquired in society, and of the wealth his talent at business was rapidly accumulating. She had also heard he was still unmarried, and who could tell but she was the cause. Some had said, that early and deep affection never wholly expires; and perhaps, should he behold her, (and she deemed herself as beautiful as ever,) the inextinguishable spark might be rekindled into as bright a flame as when it first existed. She sat alone, brooding over her hard fate, when a new resolution suddenly crossed her mind, and its effect was like the first ray of morning over the darkened earth. She flung aside her needle, and made preparations for a journey. That journey was a pleasant one, for the days of other years came over her memory with rich and delightful views; and when she beheld at a distance the Hudson Highlands, her heart throbbed with sweet emotion, produced by the lovely imagery which crowded before her fancy. The bliss of her artless and innocent days seemed flinging back a sort of sunshine on her wearied spirit, and lighting it up to hope, and pleasing anticipation. It was evening when she reached the seminary house. A soft and holy charm rested on the face of creation, and the quiet moonbeams slumbered, as they had used to do, on the bosom of the Hudson. The same rich hum of nature—the same deep murmur of the winds among the surrounding mountains—and the same image of hallowed purity rested on that beloved spot; and in comparison with their charms, she despised the most splendid city life.

"Oh, that I had never left you, blest seclusion from temptation and vanity," she sighed, as the cool breeze lifted her still glossy ringlets, and wafted by the fragrant breath of June. Entirely overcome with the overflowing emotions of her soul, she dismissed her attendant, and sat down on the stone steps, to enjoy the mournful delight which the scene inspired, and nerve her feelings to meet her old friends with less embarrassment. Suddenly the soft touch of instrumental music fell on her ear, and soon the high strains of vocal harmony united in the joyous peal, and filled all that lonely spot with the voice of happy but sacred song. Emily entered the hall, and soon perceived that a considerable company were assembled in the large parlor. She stood in the shade, and could distinctly see what was passing. She soon discovered Henry, and a very young and beautiful female at his side, attired in her bridal array. She listened with breathless anxiety—the voice of music was breathing a nuptial hymn—the sacred Administrator was there—with his flowing robe—all—all confirmed the painful fact!—her head grew dizzy—she saw and heard no more.

* * * * * All was silent as the tomb in the apartment, where she found herself on the return of consciousness: a feeble light glimmered on the hearth, and a female whom she recognized as an old family domestic, was sitting beside her. She was bewildered a moment, but suddenly the whole truth flashed before her recollection, and her hurried inquiries told the bitter repentance and anguish of her heart. The old domestic informed her that, about three years previous, a widowed lady, in delicate health, took board at the seminary, for a few weeks, for the benefit of the free mountain air. She was accompanied by her only child, a daughter, just fourteen years of age. The lady's health declined so rapidly that she soon found herself on the eve of death. She gave up her daughter to the care of Mrs. Manor, declaring she knew no person, among an extensive circle of friends, with whom she would sooner trust her orphan child. She begged her, with her dying voice, to watch carefully over her religious and moral education, as well as those of books, and be to her a mother, when she should be motherless in the world. The young orphan possessed a handsome fortune, which was also entrusted to the care of Mrs. Manor and her son, until she should become of age. The sympathy which Henry felt for her in her lonely situation, soon ripened into a deeper sentiment. The superior intelligence and excellence of her mind, developed by degrees, secured his highest esteem; he sought to assimilate her views and feelings to his own, and to blend their minds together, if possible, that they might be suitable companions for after years. Nor was he disappointed in this; for they soon became so entirely one in spirit, that they were happy only in each others society; but their marriage was delayed until her education was finished.

Emily heard this little narration through, and felt that her heart was bursting in silence. She begged to be assisted to a large arm-chair standing by the window, and then to be left alone. It was the very room she used to occupy when a scholar at the seminary; and there were the same articles of furniture, which used to constitute its ornament and convenience. She was sitting in the same chair, and by the same open window, as on the evening before her departure for the city; but oh! what different emotions now filled her bosom! Then she was floating away in the dreamy existence of many happy years—now she was brooding over the gloomy days of a desolate future. Her last hope was now wrenched from her heart, and she felt like a miserable outcast on the face of the earth. What was she, and what might she not have been! "Oh! that I could roll back the wheels of time," she exclaimed, with unutterable agony of spirit, "to that pleasant evening when I last sat here; that I could but feel what I then felt;—Alas! that early dream has departed forever from my heart, and my own folly has averted its fulfilment! Henry Manor justly hates me—he loves another—he is married!" and she burst into a flood of bitter tears. Suddenly the door opened, and Henry himself entered, supporting his lovely bride. She sobbed aloud, and refused to be comforted. "Emily," said he, "we are

all happy here, come and be happy with us. I have heard of your sorrows, I know you are a penniless orphan, but let not that afflict you. This place shall be your home as long as you will remain with us. I will be a brother to you, and my beloved Cynthia will be a sister. She deeply pities you, for her heart is all tenderness and affection. My excellent mother is also ready to extend the hand of sympathy and consolation. Come, Emily, draw a veil over the past, and blend the sunlight of hope with the future." She replied only with the burning tears, wrung from an agonized heart.

* * * * * Several years after this, a stranger visited this romantic solitude. The old seminary house had been metamorphosed into an elegant country seat, and Henry Manor still lived there, with an interesting family rising around him. Poor Emily Browne was still an inmate there; but her hollow eye, and faded cheek, told how the errors of youth embitter the years of after life.

Written for the Casket.

A Father's Lament for his First Born.
BY JOHN C. M'CALL.

Suz's gone! that lovely flower, which late so fond I prest.

And that young heart that beat so quick hath hushed itself to rest;

And as the rolling billow, that dies along the shore,
Makes a low soul-touching moan, and then is heard no more;

My little prattler gazed awhile upon the earth and sigh'd.

Then closed her azure lids o'er her soft blue eyes, and died.

Farewell, my little charmer! farewell, my Mary dear! O'er from thy father's eye shall fall, the agonizing tear; When memento from her treasury brings each feature fond to view;

The coral lip, the rosy cheek, the eye of melting blue,
When fancy shall the ear with touching music fill,
Of that loved voice, oh! how the soul with anguish keen will thrill.

'Tis said that kindred spirits, watch over those on earth they love,

And art thou, dearest Mary, looking from thy home above,

O'er the pathway of thy father, as he wends him to thy grave,

Where night-winds whisper solemnly, and weeping willows wave?

Oh! couldst thou leave thy happy home, beyond those starlit skies,

Or could I take an angel's wing, and to those regions rise,

That I might clasp my child once more, and give a parent's kiss,

A calm would o'er my spirit steal, and grief would yield to bliss.

It cannot be! it cannot be, thou never wilt return,
Nor can my clay-clogg'd spirit rise, to where those pale lights burn!

But at thy little tomb I'll watch, 'till each star fades away—

Night! thou shalt witness all my grief, too sacred 'twere for day.

ROULETTE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

ROULETTE! The word is ignoble—base. It combines in its eight letters a thousand horrid and shameful associations:—embezzlements—dishonour—ruin—want—despair—and even a violent death! Gentlemen of uniform habits—mild and gentle housewives—students—timid young girls, whose lively step and graceful gait but speak of love and happiness—parents, whose only hope is in your first born, does not this word, with its hideous “cortège,” sound frightful to your ears?

To me it was so, but confusedly.

“Bah!” said I one day—I wished to see it.

This was curiosity.

You are aware that one always feels an emotion, not to be defined upon first visiting an unknown and mysterious place, but mine was an uncontrollable palpitation of the heart—it was terror. At the entrance, in a long hall but faintly lighted, covered with an immense number of hats, whose owners were there, engaged at roulette;—figures who never smile, and whose scrutinizing looks would almost seem to penetrate your soul—examine attentively your person—your countenance; and immediately behind these are “Gens d’armes,” who look like mastiffs ready to leap forward and seize their prey. The appearance is chilling. Thoughts of the malefactor—of the thief—the prison—of the inquisition, came over me; the penetrating and distrustful looks, which convey to your mind the idea of the secret and invisible police! Yes, it is evident the moment you enter here, the compact is ratified—“Tell me whom you associate with, and I will tell you what you are!” Of this I was conscious these men make no distinction. I thought of my mother, my friends, and my sweet Marie, and my heart melted. I had determined not to hazard a “denier;” but of that hereafter.

I have now entered. This is worthy of description:—In the centre of a vast hall, which occupies almost the whole extent of the building, you perceive an immense throng, who are, as it were, immovable. In the midst of this collection of men, is a space occupied by a large oval table, tightly covered with cloth of a beautiful and slightly green; upon this cloth are traced lines of a yellow golden colour. Each number has a little enclosure where it is distinctly visible, and seems to say to the eye which regards it, come to me, and not to my neighbour. Around the numbers and on the opposite side, these words were written—“Manqué,” marking the division from 1 to 18—“Passe,”—that from 19 to 36,—“Pair,”—“Impair.”—Upon each side there is also a *lozenge*, the one “rouge,” and the other “noir.” The figures are exactly the same on both sides of the table, in the centre of which is seen that infernal instrument the *Roulette*. At the base of a shining and beautifully polished cavity of mahogany, about two feet in diameter, a cylinder turns upon a pivot, upon which are figures in circular order, alternatively “rouge” and “noir,” the numbers on the cloth, and each number furnished with a little case.

Four percentages of grave and unchanged countenance, sit on the right and left in semi-circular spaces out in the table; before them are arranged, in symmetrical order, *ruleaux* of gold and silver. Three hold between them a long “*rateau*,” fit symbol of their terrible power. The fourth, grasping with one hand the sticks of copper, by means of which the cylinder is put in motion, gives it a lively push, and with the other, at each revolution of the cylinder, throws with force an ivory ball. The silence is deathlike—each eye is fixed with intense anxiety upon that ball, as upon that of a judge from whose sentence there is no appeal. It quickly makes eight or ten rotations the length of the shining partitions of the basins, then losing its force, it declines towards the centre, and encountering the little obstacles purposely placed in its route, is forced to fall at last into one of the numerous cases of the cylinder. The number which has “*Manqué*,” is proclaimed in a loud voice, and the tranquil banker emptily removes the stakes, or ostentatiously throws to the fortunate players a shower of gold.

This sight is not sad—despair does not agitate any one; a brilliant light shines directly upon the lively green cloth, where, like the brightest diamonds, glitter the newly coined gold. A delicious warmth is circulated throughout the hall, and gives to my limbs the elasticity of which a cold winter’s month had deprived them. Thus the emotion of fear and shame which I had at first felt, waxed fainter and fainter, until I stood, in bold relief, the attentive observer of the game and the gamester.

Behold me now, well familiarized. I placed myself first to observe all the players. They belonged partly to that of the middling class—partly to that of the necessitous and eminently “*Parisienne*,” whose clothes, without being mean, showed long service. Persons whose expedients were inexhaustible—of a wan and haggard appearance.—the last fourth, of the working class. All ages, with the exception of infancy and youth, were here indistinguishably commingled. There were also to be seen from time to time, old and hoary heads, which shook and seemed to intimate that in this place, as well as in all others, we shall attain old age.

In the street, either of these figures could not but have arrested my attention. Here only they have nothing in their appearance which could excite particular notice. Here all have the same appearance. The green cloth gives to each a uniform and general cast of countenance—that of cupidity, but tranquillity. A short experience taught me that it was but from time to time that concealed emotions suddenly manifested themselves. A deathlike paleness, the livid compression of the lips, the haggard fixedness of the eyes, following the last piece of money, which goes and leaves in exchange misery and despair.

I perceived, also, that some players almost covered the table with gold and notes which mightily made and sank fortunes, and it was that which forcibly struck my imagination. But no! some pieces of two and five francs are the stakes. Roulette is not the giant monster whose insatiate rapacity devours all in an instant, but like

the snow-ball, it increases with each revolution, insidiously but constantly. Whatever obstacles are opposed to its march, it speedily overthrows—still rolling on, until it accumulates all. But the justice of this last comparison was not yet demonstrated to me.

For curiosity I studied the complicated motion of the machine, and I perceived that in the payment of the winnings, the bank always had the balance in its favour; but it did not appear to me in an unequal proportion, for I made the *memory* calculation that the hazard was subject to the laws of equilibrium, whilst there was a power which advantageously counterbalanced the chances against the banker, and gave them in his favour. Alas! it is this cursed idea which governs the actions of those who play; it is the foundation of all their ingenious but erroneous systems—the true malady which undermines and slowly consumes the source of riches, and even that of life itself—an insurmountable barrier opposes all his efforts—the limits imposed upon the winnings. Finding myself under the influence of this idea, I studied the game to myself. After having attained what I thought would give the probable chances in my favour, I played by myself long, and always fortunately. A feverish and irresistible desire to substitute the reality for fiction came over me.

I did so—hazarding little, it is true, at first. Fortune did not leave me to sigh. The moment my plan began systematically to unfold itself, I became suddenly relieved and consoled. I returned a possessor (in comparison with what I had hazarded) of winnings, which encouraged me to return. As I had been likely to have lost all my stake, I put my experience to good account. I passed the rest of the night, pen in hand, in forming a plan more extensive and systematic, which would by successive gradations, make me possessor of five hundred francs!

I did not deceive myself. I did not suppose that my calculation was infallible. I saw a possibility of losing, but it was distant and improbable, and which, should it occur, would find me covered by anterior winnings. I was not without emotion, but I calmed myself by the common reflection, that "if I do lose, I shall not die, and will play no more."

Who would believe that in the course of twenty-seven nights, in intervals of three and four hours, my winnings were constant as the gain was in proportion to the extreme precaution which I took in my stakes, (which were always the smallest possible,) it was not a fortune, but still it amounted to three thousand six hundred francs. It requires but little knowledge of the weakness of poor human nature, to perceive that a French head could not long resist this good fortune entranced by all its fascinations. But it did not last. I had discovered the secret for which the pale alchemist had so long laboured, of which so many sages had dreamed. I saw in the far perspective all the pleasures in the power of luxury and riches to bestow. I arrived at such a point of infatuation that I was agitated by fears lest the public rooms should be suddenly closed by an ordinance of government.

On the 28th day, (for I noted it particularly, having given myself a month's leisure to judge

whether my calculations were correct,) on the 28th day I repeat, I dressed myself gaily according to custom and repaired to the table as a source from which I could derive all the happiness in the power of gold to bestow. I saw with a malignant joy and a kind of triumph, that the bankers threw furtive glances upon the two little tablets placed before me and sought to discover what that system could be which so unceremoniously diminished their piles of treasure.

At length the moment arrived when the period prolonged by the sortie of several numbers, put the chances in my favour, and gave me an opportunity to commence my play. My calculation had thus far proved correct, but I had little success. Behold me now at the last throw, the loss of which involves that of five hundred francs. I listen with anxiety—my fate is pronounced, and five hundred francs are lost.

This blow overcame me. I took a few hurried turns in the hall, and was obliged to have recourse to the wretched beer which is there gratuitously distributed.

When a few minutes had reconciled me to the idea of my loss which it would take five or six days to repair, I again advanced to the fatal field of battle, but not with the same confidence. In short, with an inconceivable perversity and without in the least deviating from the rules I had laid down, I lost twice the amount of the whole stake. It was all I had brought with me. Fifteen hundred francs! One night has seen them all disappear. As my elevation had been rapid, so was I the more discouraged by my ill success. I must now fall from the dizzy height to which I had so lately been raised. It would be well to reflect. One thing is evident, what happens to-day may happen to-morrow—may occur repeatedly and end by ruining me.

I would have been wise had I retained this lesson, but a deceitful hope glitters anew before my eyes, and not to fatigue the reader by the repetition of the same scenes, let it suffice, that in a few evenings I not only lost the sums I had won, but after a few fluctuations of insignificant winnings, I saw myself stripped of nearly two thousand francs—my primitive property. One cannot form an idea of the whimsical strangeness with which objects and persons appeared to my eyes during the last days of my visits to this place. It was no longer life. It was a dream. I tossed upon my sleepless pillow until I became almost delirious, whichever way I turned the little balls of ivory met my eyes. Mine ear accustomed to the monotonous tones of the banker was unceasingly tortured by the importunate repetition. During the night my situation was insupportable, the whole phantasmagoria appeared to my tortured imagination with an intolerable *clat*, and when the light of day appeared bringing with it returning reason, I could only make the cruel but just reflection, that without play I was absolutely miserable. Nevertheless I had not resolution to abstain, an irresistible impulse still urged me madly forward to the total loss of all my money.

An hundred francs were to be remitted to me by my sister-in-law, these must also pay their tribute. I flew to her and whilst she opened her secretary to seek for them, I gazed upon the

cheerful fire which enlivened the room—the neat and well arranged apartment in which she so much prided herself—the half opened book so tastefully laid beside the familiar lamp and I felt as a being of another world—like something hideous.

These joys are no longer mine—the calmness which is painted on the face, and which, (as it were,) identifies itself with the atmosphere in which she lives, have long since fled from me. How bitterly did this thought recur—with what an agitated hand did I receive the money which a few brief minutes would probably see engulfed. The poor girl in giving me the money, noticed five recently coined gold pieces, and remarked, that “they were very new.”—“they are worth keeping, mon cher.” I fled from her presence. Had an adder stung me, I could not have felt it more keenly. Bitter indeed were my reflections, and for a moment my better genius prevailed. It was but for a moment. The insatiable thirst again came over me, and ere another hour had pass’d I was at Roulette! I threw my five pieces upon the table. I have lost.

Well—some may think that it has the appearance of fiction, but I swear that a sombre satisfaction gladdened my heart, I had received a deserved and complete punishment for my folly, and I re-entered upon life—the happy life of other men. I again enjoyed the refreshing breeze of the early morning, the smiling face of my friends, and the tender endearments of her whom I love.

Behold me now leaving the accursed place, firmly resolved never to re-enter, when a man tolerably well clad, standing at the entrance of the alley, in the “Rue de Valois,” seeing me advancing with a smiling face, humbly stepped forward, and begged me to have pity upon his misery. I was not in a frame of mind to refuse and mechanically put my hand to my pocket, I felt something in the corner of my vest pocket. It is money. ‘Tis a franc. Here, said I, seizing him forcibly by the hand. There was something in my tone, something that told of joy and triumph, which had a visible effect upon the wretched being who speculated upon the generosity of the lucky players. He imagined that I came out with pockets lined with gold.

That man was one of the innumerable victims of play, and his appearance at that door was as forcible a lesson to me as that which I had a few moments before received.

Both have had their effects upon me, and may they yet be of service to the player, whose eye may by any chance fall upon this chapter.

Mc L.

If you are ever at a loss, as to the individual character of the person you wish to gain, the general knowledge of human nature will teach you one infallible specific—flattery. The quantity and quality may vary according to the exact niceties of art; but in any quantity and in any quality it is more or less acceptable, and therefore certain to please. Only never (or at least very rarely) flatter when other people, besides the one to be flattered, are by; in that case you offend the rest, and you make even your intended dupe ashamed to be pleased.—*Baucher.*

ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE.

It is about three years since I first became acquainted with a young Englishman named Ord, who having on the death of his father, come into possession of some valuable estates in the West Indies, was at that time engaged in examining the value and management of his patrimony. In the prosecution of this object he visited Cuba, where my father, whose mercantile transactions were connected with his, resided, and where Ord remained for some weeks. He had a complete passion for the sea, and in the course of many pleasure trips among the neighbouring islands, in a fine little schooner which he had brought from England, we became the most intimate friends. There was a noble, almost a wild enthusiasm about his character, which though it harmonized well with his athletic and handsome appearance, would have appeared Quixotic, had it not been borne out by his utter contempt of danger, when danger really existed. I will give one instance out of many. We were boating up against a stiff south-east breeze off Cape Tiburon, in Hispaniola, when one of the men, who had gone aloft to take in a reef in the fore-top-sail, sang out to those below that a piratical galley was bearing down upon us with all sail set. Ord and I were at that time in the cabin, and having exhausted every social subject of amusement, half drowsed with ennui, were engaged separately and almost silently; I, in turning over a set of engravings of sea fights, and Ord cursing these “pining times of peace,” in lazily setting up a few of the ropes of a frigate, which he was making as a model. Immediately, however, that the man, entering the cabin doffed his cap, and smoothing down his hair, told his story. Ord uttered a whoop of delight, and springing up with a haste which snapped half the spars in his beloved frigate, rushed on deck.

The man at the helm was waiting for the expected order to put the vessel about, and the crew were at the sheets and braces ready to execute the manœuvre; but Ord, singing out “steady” seized a spy-glass and ran up the shrouds to examine the pirate. In a minute or two he came down, with a joyous expression of countenance, and seeing that his men whispering discontentedly to each other, well knowing the bloody dispositions of these pirates, he addressed them thus:

“My lads! there are just a score of strapping negroes in the galley bearing down upon us; of course they will be well supplied with cutlasses and small arms, but they have not a single piece of metal among them; now you all know well enough that the little petrel (the name of our schooner) has the legs of these luffards, and my wish is to send a message from our long Tom in a friendly way among them; we can run when we can do no better—so all you who are willing to stand by your captain, will draw off to the weather side—and if there are any of you who are afraid of a few naked blacks in a long boat, with a lug sail, keep your present stations.”

Our crew consisted of four Englishmen, a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and three or four negroes, and it was curious to observe the effect of our captain’s speech upon them. The En-

fishermen gave three loud cheers, and sprang to the weather side of our little craft; the Scotchman more slowly, but quite as determinedly, followed, muttering, that "it was by no means prudent, but hang him if he would crawl the dung-hill crawl;" while the Dutchman, without uttering a word, turned his quid in his cheek, squirted the juice deliberately over the lee bulwark, and hitching up his trowsers walked after his companions. The negroes alone remained standing; they seemed utterly terrified at the idea of attacking these bloody and remorseless pirates, of whose atrocities they had seen and heard so much, and cast fearful glances towards the nearing galley, as if they felt their long knives already at their throats.

A good drum, and a threat of keelhauling them, however, presently put them all right, and they bustled about with great alacrity to get "long Tom" (a long barrelled gun which we carried, and which was generally stationed amidships) placed astern with the muzzle depressed, and covered with a tarpaulin. For my own part, as I was more familiar than Ord with the barbarous cruelties of our pirates, I confess that I did not enter into the affair with the joyousness which he seemed to feel. I knew that a moment of irresolution, a chance shot, or a sheet missing stays, might place the pirate alongside of us, and then there was nothing for us but torture and death. However, I had every confidence in the excellence of our seamen, in Ord's coolness, and, above all, in "long Tom." The crew seemed also to consider the gun as their principal defence, for every glance at the approaching pirates was followed by one directed to the manoeuvres of one of the companions, who under cover of the tarpaulin, was cranking "long Tom" with what he called "his grub," being several pounds of grape shot, old spike balls, and-so-forth.

We were still standing off on the starboard tack, and the pirates not at all expecting the warm reception we were preparing for them, bearing down with a flowing sheet upon us, when Ord, hailing them through a speaking trumpet, ordered them to stand clear or he would fire upon them. The only answer to this summons was a loud discordant laugh, which coming down the wind to us, sounded as if they were already alongside.—Turning round with a calm smile on his face, Ord nodded to his men, who having before received their instruction, rounded the little Petrel on the keel, and swept away on the larboard tack, with a celerity which could hardly have been surpassed by the sea bird whose name she bore. But though the manoeuvre was performed with the most admirable dexterity, it placed the galley of the pirates for a moment within a hundred yards of us; and as, with our sheets close hauled, we stretched away from them, a shower of bullets discovered their vexation on being thus baffled. Most of the balls fell short, though two or three rattled through the cabin windows, and one whizzing between Ord and the man at the helm, snapped off one of the spokes of the wheel, and buried itself in the mainmast. "That's a Spanish rifle," said the helmsman, with great sang froid "and you thundering thief in the bow of

the boat fired it; I can see the long barrel shining yet: none of their clumsy muskets could have sent a ball as far into a spar of the little Petrel;" and he passed his hand down the splintered wheel-spoke, as a person might examine the wounded limb of his friend. "Never mind," said Ord, "we'll return their civility presently;" and lifting his hat he cheered on the pirates, who had got their boat round, and with sails and sweeps were labouring in our wake.

Meantime we got 'long Tom's' nose, as the seamen jocosely called it, leveled, and ready for being thrust out on the larboard quarter, the carpenter, with his axe, standing ready to smash the bulwark, which yet concealed the gun from our pursuers. They were soon so near as that he could perfectly distinguish every individual of their crew, and fierce bloody looking wretches they were as ever I beheld. Most of them were nearly naked to the waist, where a belt, at which hung pistol and cutlass, girded their brawny frames. A tall, grey-headed negro stood at the bow of the boat holding with one hand by the forestay, and the other resting upon the long Spanish barrelled gun, which our steersman had before noticed. "I could hit him now, sir, if you would but trust me with your rifle for a moment," said the man, casting another glance at his partially shattered wheel. Whether Ord was pleased with that congenial pride in his vessel, and that desire to revenge an injury done to her, which every true seaman possesses, and which the wish of the helmsman discovered, I do not know; but putting the rifle into the man's hand, and taking his place at the wheel, he simply desired him to make sure. Never did I see gratitude more forcibly developed than in the helmsman's face, nor did I ever behold more intense agony displayed in human features, than a moment produced in his. The gun which he was raising dropped from his grasp upon the deck, and his arm, shattered at the elbow, quivered convulsively at his side. A glance at the old pirate's rifle, showed the cause of this sudden injury; while it gave proof of the quickness and deadliness of his arm. At this moment the men cried out that other galleys were making from the shore, which we were now at no great distance from; and looking around, we saw two or three large boats pulling lustily out of a creek, where they had been concealed by the spreading cocoa-nut trees and thick tangled underwood.

It was now that Ord's perfect coolness and resolute courage displayed themselves; he put the helm into my hands, and giving the word "ready about," to his men, took up his rifle which the wounded seaman had dropped. The old negro was loading his piece, and we could even hear his chuckling laugh at the success of his late exploit. Immediately when Ord presented himself over the taffrail there was a general volley fired at him by the crew of pirates, amid which he stood as unmoved as a rock, until catching his opportunity, as our vessel hung on the top of a wave, he fired and the old negro tumbled headlong among his companions, while his gun was discharged by the shock, showed that the Petrel and her steersman was fully avenged. "About ship," cried

Ord, as he laid his rifle carefully down on the deck, and looked at me with a half suppressed smile of triumph. Every thing was so silent that the creaking of the ropes and flapping of the wet canvass, as our sails gibed, were heard distinctly, but in an instant the little craft was about, and getting hold of the wind began to skip over the waves for the offing. The pirates were now on our larboard quarter, and within a few oar's length of us, when Ord with a hand as steady as if he were writing an invitation for dinner, took the apron off 'long Tom' with one hand, received a lighted match from a seaman with the other, then nodded to the carpenter, who broke away the obstructing bulwark with one blow of his axe. I still think I see the horrified countenances of the pirates, and their quick dilated glances as they discovered the gun and their confused oaths, and the rattling of the oars and cordage as they attempted to escape the range of the shot. At this moment of unutterable anxiety when our lives depended upon the coolness of our captain, and the success of our discharge. I caught a glimpse of his features. He was with his head turned from the gun, blowing gently at the match to keep it clear from ashes; his countenance was, I thought, pale, but calm and resolved; the next instant it was shrouded in the smoke, as kneeling he stretched forward, and applied the match to the touch hole. We were not an instant in doubt. Ord had seized the moment when the partial confusion of the pirates had placed their galley within twenty feet of us, her huge sail shivering and herself almost motionless on the crest of a wave. Before that wave had lifted the little Petrel, before the smoke of the gun had drifted by—the crash and the plunge, and the horrible yells of the scattered and mangled wretches, assured us of their destruction. The boat, and great part of her slaughtered crew wheeled down into the deep at our very stern, while a few, who had not been wounded, struggled for a little time, and went down one by one as their strength failed. A stiff breeze and a flowing sheet, soon placed us out of hearing of their dreadful cries for help, and out of the sight of their still more dreadful features, convulsed with agony, and their eyes turned up white in the last death wrestle. The next morning we entered St. Jago, to place our wounded men under proper care.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society, is a calm imperturbable quiet, which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least. They eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose their wife, or even their money in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making such an amazing noise about it.—*Bulwer.*

When a person is once heartily in love, the little faults and caprices of his mistress, the jealousies and quarrels to which that commerce is so subject, however unpleasant they be, and rather connected with anger and hatred, are yet to be found, in many instances, to give additional force to the prevailing passion.—*Hume.*

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

On a moss-covered rock, by a pure bubbling fountain,
The Minstrel sat down, with his harp in his hand;
And sweetly he sung, of the vale and the mountain,
The wild woods and groves, of his own native land.

A land far away, where the days of his childhood,
Like a bright summer morning, passed sweetly away,
Where his heart was as free as the birds in the wild-wood,
And hope shod around him, her bright cheering ray.

The sun's latest rays, from the plains had departed;
And night's sable shadows fell dark on the lea;
When he sat himself down in despair, broken-hearted,
For weary, and sad, and dejected was he.

Like a bird that is caged, he exclaimed in his anguish,
I sigh for the long lost endearments of home;
In grief and despair I forever must languish,
Condemned, in the land of the stranger to roam.

Oh! when shall the smiles of contentment surround me,
And the blossoms of pleasure, for me, again bloom,
Or the spell of affliction, which deeply has bound me,
Be broken; its terrors no more to resume.

In the land of the stranger, my spirit can only
Recur to the scenes I have left far behind,
For here I am friendless, forsaken, and lonely,
To sorrow, and sadness, forever resigned.

My home! Oh! that name is still dear to this bosom;
For yet I remember the smile and the tear,
The wild throbb of pleasure, and each fond emotion,
Which there rose and vanished, no more to appear.

Far down life's dark vale, midst the scenes of my childhood,
In fancy I linger, for there only there,
By the pure gliding brook, or alone in the wild-wood,
Fond memory lingers, midst pleasures that were.

Vain, vain, are the hopes that the minstrel may cherish,
Illusive the dreams of enjoyment to him;
For his joys like the roses of Summer will perish,
And the sun-light of pleasure be clouded and dim.

The Language of Love.

There's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,

There is something that cannot be told;
There are words that can only be read on the cheek,
And thoughts but the eye can unfold.

There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
So conscious, so quick to impart;
Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,
And strikes in a moment the heart.

This eloquent silence, this converse of Soul,
Is vain we attempt to suppress;
More prompt it appears from the wish to control,
More apt the fond truth to express.

And oh! the delight in the features that shine,
The raptures the bosom that melt;
When blent with each other this converse divine,
Is mutually spoken and felt.

For the Casket.

Reminiscences of the West.

"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes;

"For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited."—*Isaiah* liv. 2, 3.

"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts higher than your thoughts."—*Isaiah*, lv. 9.

These were the texts from which was preached the first sermon, I distinctly remember to have heard, and dark and terrible was the occasion. Though still an infant, for I had not yet seen my eighth birth-day, the figure of the preacher is still before my mind's eye. Thin, spare, pale and solemn was his visage; his person slender, even light, and his whole figure contrasting and not according with the stern aspect of all around him. His eye however appeared as lamps in the gloom of night. Amid grim war this man seemed a spirit of peace; a spirit of re-assurance in an hour of peril he certainly was, and in a life of more than ordinary change and circumstance never since have I seen, tears so suddenly changed to smiles of hope, and the murmurings of despair so quickly followed by the aspirations of confidence in a power all was made to feel to the inmost soul.

Mark Lee's narrative published in the Casket for June of this year, closes with the following paragraph:

"A mountain seemed to be removed from the breasts of both my parents, and in a few days afterwards, the Rubicon of that day, the Monongahela was passed by us all; and in those regions were spent the early and middle life of Mark Bancroft."

Reader, before we again repass the deep flowing river, which winds along yon valley, let us seat ourselves on this rocky mountain brow and glance over the regions towards the setting sun, whilst in retrospect we return to the autumn of 1781. What do we see? One wide sweep of forests in the recesses of which, streams wind in silence, broken only by the wild scream of native animals.—The rude habitation of man appears to open at intervals, but man here dreads the echo of his own voice; in the innocent song of his children, he hears intermingled their death-cry and the chilling howl of the savage; he hears the wife of his bosom and her infants imploring Heaven and him, to save them from a worse than tigers rage.

Now let fifty three years pass away, and turn thine eye on the same landscape.—Canst thou conceive that the former desolation could be so changed, and dost thou not doubt the evidence of thine own senses? Yes! reader, the face of earth is the same, and the streams meander along the same valleys. Where thine eye swept over one vast forest—towns and villages, orchards, meadows, and farms now spread over the canvas. * * *

On a heavy autumn day, the 25th of November 1781, my mother with a beating heart and face bedewed with tears, three children at her side and one at the breast, crossed the Monongahela; my father, a man never a victim to idle fear could not entirely conceal apprehensions for his sacred charge. Well do I remember, as we rose the then winding road from Gillespie's ferry-house, and as the mountain-hill exposed the eastern view, that both turned their eyes frequently towards fields they were never to revisit. Still there was a something in even the savageness of the scenes then presented, which gave strength and fortitude to the mind, and that something operated on the heart of my poor mother, for as the river, valley and the hills and mountains beyond receded or were concealed by the trees, her natural buoyancy of mind returned, and the prattle of her children, the smiles of her husband, and hope, all combined to smooth the path. It is the little incidents which form the fine lines of human individual history, and describe, if I may use the expression, the very tones and vibrations of the human heart. My mother spoke the German language fluently, and from long associations loved the German character, two circumstances which tended greatly to throw a veil of softer texture over the dark picture before her. A Mr. William Wolf, who had been an intimate acquaintance of my parents on Swatara, but who had removed with his brothers and sisters and settled on Buffalo creek, in what is now Washington county, Pennsylvania, five or six miles westward of where the beautiful village of Washington now stands; this man had accompanied my father on his return to Redstone, and was with us, when we crossed the Monongahela. With a very prepossessing countenance, Mr. Wolf entered into an animated description of the west, making a mere thing of shadows of Indian war. The face of a real friend, tones to which she had been long accustomed, and perhaps, carried backwards to more sunny days, the evening came peacefully to my fond mother as we reached our resting place, a Mr. Riley's, and in a rude log cabin, perhaps a more joyous night was never spent, by as many pilgrims, for as pilgrims we were in search of a place of rest.

Here I cannot resist doing justice to Mr. Alexander S. Withers, the author of "*Chronicles of Border Warfare*," and to the people he describes. Speaking of the persons who constituted the early society of "*The Western Country, or Back-Woods*," as the region beyond the Appalachian mountains was then called, Mr. Withers with graphic truth observes:

"Although hunting was not the object of most of the old settlers, yet it was, for a good part of the year, the chief employment of their time.*

* Extremes touching nothing more than in human society; and it is very doubtful which extreme is most seductive, that of the highest state of civilization or that of the hunter. When no danger of savages marred his pleasure, I am of opinion, that no human being ever was more joyfully happy than the American Hunter. Though never a hunter myself, long years of experience in surveying amid uncut woods, enable me to judge of the peculiar feelings of man in these solitudes. The true cause why so many continued hun-

And of all these, who thus made their abode in the dense forest, and tempted aggression from the neighbouring Indians, none were so well qualified to resist his aggression, and to retaliate upon its authors, as those who were mostly engaged in this pursuit. Of all their avocations, this '*mimicry of war*,' best fitted them to thwart the savages in their purposes, and to mitigate the horrors of their peculiar mode of warfare. Those arts which enabled them, unperceived to approach the watchful deer in his lair, enabled them likewise to circumvent the Indian in his ambush; and if not always punish, yet frequently defeat him in his object. Add to this, the perfect knowledge they acquired of the woods, and the ease and certainty, with which they consequently, when occasion required, could make their way to any point of the settlements and apprise the inhabitants of approaching danger; and it will be readily admitted, that the more expert and successful the huntsman, the more skilful and effective the warrior.

"But various soever as may have been their objects in emigrating, no sooner had they come together, than there existed in each settlement, a perfect union of feeling. Similitude of situation and community of danger, operating as a magic charm, stifled in their birth those little bickerings, which are so apt to disturb the quiet of society. Ambition of preferment and the pride of place, too often lets and hindrances to social intercourse, were unknown among them.—Equality of condition rendered them strangers alike, to the baneful distinctions created by wealth and other advantages circumstances; and to envy, which gives additional virus to their venom. A sense of mutual dependence for their common security, linked them in amity; and conducting their several purposes in harmonious concert; together they toiled and together suffered.

"Not all the '*pomp and pride and pageantry*' of life, could vie with the Arcadian scenes which encircled the rude cottages of these men.—Their humble dwellings were the abode of virtue, rarely found in the '*cloud cap'd towers* and gorgeous palaces of splendid ambition. And when peace reigned around them, neither the gaudy trappings of wealth, nor the insignia of office, nor the slackened thirst for distinction could have added to the happiness which they enjoyed.'

"In their intercourse with others, they were kind, beneficent and disinterested; extending to all, the most generous hospitality which their circumstances could afford. That selfishness which prompts to liberality for the sake of remuneration, and proffers the civilities of life with an eye to individual interest, was unknown to them.—They were kind for kindness sake; and sought no other recompense, than the never failing concomitant of good deeds—the reward of an approving conscience.

"It is usual for men in the decline of life, to contrast the scenes which are then being exhibited, with those through which they have passed

ters, when the necessity ceased of that mode of life, was its peculiar pleasure. The Leatherstocking of Cooper is one of the most perfectly natural characters ever sketched.

in the days of youth; and not unfrequently, to moralize on the decay of those virtues, which enhance the enjoyment of life and give to pleasure its highest relish. The mind is then apt to revert to earlier times, and to dwell with satisfaction on the manners and customs which prevailed in the hey-day of youth. Every change, which may have been wrought in them is deemed a deteriorating innovation, and the sentence of their condemnation unhesitatingly pronounced. This is not always the result of impartial and discriminating judgment. It is perhaps, more frequently founded in prepossession; and based on the prejudices of education and habit.

"On the other hand those who are just entering on the vestibule of life, are prone to give preference to the habits of the present generation; viewing, too often, with contemptuous derision those of the past. Mankind certainly advance in intelligence and refinement; but virtue and happiness do not, at all times, keep pace with this progress. '*To inform the understanding*' is not always '*to correct and enlarge the heart*;' nor do the blandishments of life invariably add to the sum of moral excellence; they are often, '*as Dead sea fruit that tempts the eye, but turns to ashes on the lips*.'—While a rough exterior as frequently covers a temper of the utmost benignity, happy in itself and giving happiness to all around.

"Such were the pioneers of this country; and the greater part of mankind, might now derive advantage from the contemplation (and imitation) of their humble virtues, hospitable homes, and spirits, patient, noble, proud and free—their self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts; their days of health and nights of sleep—their toils, by danger dignified, yet guiltless—their hopes of cheerful old age and a quiet grave, with cross and garland over a green turf, and their grandchildren's love for epitaph."

If it was ever in any man's power to endorse the preceding picture, it is in mine, and with very partial exceptions, I can do so with full confidence. As to the reflections of one age upon another, the fact is solvable by distance, which in time as well as in space, softens asperities. To the ordinary rule, however, I must present myself as an humble exception. The virtues and energies of the western pioneers were terribly necessary and their happiness most dearly purchased. In every country, and in every age, there is some one possession which is paramount in estimation as in power. At the time, (1781), that my father with his family crossed the Monongahela, the Hunter-warrior was the man! by pre-eminence, and never was any set of men more necessary to any society. To these men the lives of the people were doubly entrusted. Upon their activity, vigilance, and courage, all depended, and nobly indeed did many of them fulfil their mission. With not a few, hunting and war was a combined trade.—They had risen from infancy in war, which in fact never ceased, and was only at intervals relaxed from 1754 to 1795, or through forty-one years. This protracted and sanguinary conflict was raging in all its horrors when I was led an infant to "*The Border*;" and if not an eye-witness, was very soon an ear-witness, almost on

the threshold of the theatre. But to return to the regular thread of my narrative.

We reached our momentary resting place late in November 1781, at a moment of excessive and violent excitement. The capture of Cornwallis and his army had electrified the country to the utmost border. It was a story told and retold, but momentary enthusiasm was finally cooled by reflection. Another and far more terrible enemy hovered on the frontier, and no one week, scarce a day passed without the report of murders being heard; nor were we long in our cabin until the dreadful sound came in reality.—The scene of alarm is now before me; a young woman, sister to the Henry Jolly, mentioned in one of my former tales, and the daughter of a near neighbour came to the house. She belonged to a family little subject to idle fear, and long injured to danger.* Miss Jolly knew the incessant fears of my mother, but also knew that no immediate apprehensions of savages need be entertained in our settlement for the best of reasons; she knew the Indian character, and of course knew that the least danger to be apprehended from them was immediately after their having "made a stroke" as their sudden and murderous blows were then provincially termed. This young woman came to my father where he was making fence, whilst myself and little brother were amusing ourselves by his side. I think I see him now, as he stood for at least a minute looking steadily at the young woman after she told in a very earnest manner "Oh! Mr. Hawkins has been killed." He had raised a fence-rail, and held it balanced in his hands while the dreadful tidings was communicated and for some time afterwards; but finally dropped the rail, cast a despairing glance over his hard labour, returned to the cabin, and in two hours more we were all on our way to Wolf's Block-House; our cabin was never again seen by one of the family.

Many may deem such details trivial, but it is

* Few families had a more bitter knowledge of war than that of Jolly; Henry Jolly himself had been one of General Morgan's immortal rifle corps, and a circumstance connected with their history, defies romance. One of the first settlements of that country, was formed at the Forks of Wheeling, at the place where Henry Clay's monument now stands on the United States road. A fort long stood on the point above the confluence of the two branches, known as Shepherd's Fort. Amongst the families who sought refuge in this port from Indian depredation, was one by the name of Howell. The father had sat down in the forest of Little Wheeling, near where the United States road now follows the deep vale of that creek, and had been driven into Shepherd's Fort. After some days, thinking the danger over, and rejecting advice, he prepared to return to his cabin. Something detained him behind his family who were proceeding along the path, towards their home, and had reached about two miles above the Fort, when they were assailed by the savages. Several were murdered and one son made prisoner. One of the daughters who had been tomahawked and scalped, was found alive, was taken to the Fort, recovered, and became the wife of one of my early friends, Henry Jolly. What rendered the case of Mrs. Jolly the more remarkable, was that it was the third day after her wounds had been inflicted before surgical aid was procured.

sparks which often produce conflagrations by which cities are consumed. This was early in the spring of 1782, and the opening of a distressful tragedy. Hawkins, was only one of many murders which followed in rapid succession. A Mr. Wallace, above Wheeling, with his wife and five children, were surprised and massacred. A family of the name of M'Intosh, in Wheeling, were all except one daughter destroyed. A Mr. Monteur and family, near Pittsburgh, met a similar fate. These sanguinary depredations extended to western Virginia,—where several murders were perpetrated. The minds of the whites already exasperated, became absolutely furious, and the unaccountable apathy or neglect of the government, left them to their own passions and resources. The necessity of forming a strong post on the Ohio far below Pittsburgh, was felt before the revolution, and the events of that war demonstrated such necessity. The capture of Cornwallis and his army in the autumn of 1781, relieved the continental government from all apprehensions of the result of the contest, and excited hopes, which were never realised, in the breasts of the frontier people, of effective aid against their savage enemies.

By a fatality, which unfortunately for human nature, was not singular, the neglect of the government and rage of the people combined to inflict vengeance on the innocent, for the crimes of the guilty. Between the peace of 1763 and the revolution, the Christian Indians, usually called Moravians, from having been converted by that sect, had considerably increased, and three villages inhabited by them, were situated on Muskingum river, these went by the names of Salem, Guadenhutzen, and Shoenbrum. It was in fact at one of these very villages, that a strong outpost ought to have been formed early in 1782.—These people were, from their pacific professions, objects of contempt, and from their position of hatred and suspicion to two belligerent parties, breathing war and vengeance. If the Moravian Indians had been sufficiently powerful to maintain their neutrality, their situation would have enabled them to preserve peace on both sides, but it certainly was the very height of human infatuation, to expect less than destruction to an unarmed handful of people alike suspected by whites and Indians.

"In the spring of 1781, the principal war-chief of the Delawares, apprised the missionaries and them, of the danger which threatened them, as well from the whites as the savages, and advised them to remove to some situation, where they would be exempt from molestation by either.—Conscious of the rectitude of their conduct as regarded both, and unwilling to forsake the comforts which their industry had procured for them, and the fields rendered productive by their labor, they disregarded the friendly monition, and continued in their villages, progressing in the knowledge and love of the Redeemer of men, and practising the virtues inculcated by his word!"*

On a former occasion in "*The Tale of the Moravians*," I stated some of the leading facts

* Wither's Chronicles of Border Warfare, p. 233-4.

in the final fate of this devoted people. In the present instance, I am employed in sketching the causes of the event. Col. David Williamson, the nominal commander of the party who destroyed the Moravians, has been not only censured but loaded with execrations for this deed, in the perpetration of which, in fact he was little more than a passive spectator. The true facts of the case as I always understood them, are truly and briefly stated by Mr. Withers, upon I think, the very respectable authority of the honorable Philip Dodridge.

After detailing the capture of the almost unresisting Moravians, and their being collected into one body at the village of Gnadenhütten, Mr. Withers proceeds to state:

"A council of war was then held to determine on the fate of the prisoners. COL. WILLIAMSON HAVING BEEN MUCH CENSURED FOR THE LENITY OF HIS CONDUCT TOWARDS THE INDIANS IN THE EXPEDITION OF THE PRECEDING YEAR, the officers were unwilling to take upon themselves the entire responsibility of deciding upon their fate now, and agreed that it should be left to the men. The line was soon formed, and they were told it remained with them to say, whether the Moravian prisoners should be taken to Fort Pitt or murdered; and Col. Williamson requested that those who were inclined to mercy, should advance and form a second line, that it might be seen on which side was the majority. Alas! it required no scrutiny to determine. Only sixteen, or at most eighteen men stepped forward to save the lives of this unfortunate people, and their doom became sealed.

"From the moment these ill-fated beings were immured in houses, they seemed to anticipate the horrid destiny which awaited them; and spent their time in holy and heart-felt devotion, to prepare them for the awful realities of another world. They sang, they prayed, they exhorted each other to a firm reliance on the Saviour of men, and soothed those in affliction with the comfortable assurance, that although men might kill the body, they had no power over the soul, and that they might again meet in a better and happier world, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary find rest." When told that they were doomed to die, they all affectionately embraced, and bedewed their bosoms with mutual tears reciprocally sought, and obtained forgiveness for any offences which they might have given each other through life. Thus at peace with God, and reconciled with one another, they replied to those, *who impatient for the slaughter*, had asked if they were not yet prepared? Yes! We have commended our souls to God, and are ready to die."*

So fell ninety-six human beings, who had adopted and far more earnestly followed the precepts of Christianity, than many of their destroyers; but cruel and useless as was the act, the exclusive abuse heaped on the head of David Williamson, was and is not one jot less cruel or useless. This man was really anxious to save the Moravians, and had their fate depended on him, not a drop of their blood would have been shed. He was as most militia officers ever are,

utterly powerless to stem the violence of men they nominally command. Again, it is only those who lived at the time, and on the theatre, who can form a correct opinion of the initiating circumstances which silenced the still small voice of humanity.

I was very young at the time, but perhaps the impression on that account was the deeper and more permanent. I was present when the men returned, and present when the sermon was preached, the text of which stands at the head of this reminiscence. The public mind was agitated by every passion which could rouse to action and at the same time blind men to future consequences. The murder of the Moravians, never it is probable was justified by any cause, by any one, except necessity, and the preacher was one of the few who took a rational view of the whole face of affairs. He predicted the certain ruin of the Indian, and the equally certain spread of the white race.

Few dared to pronounce though many felt, that the whole scene of blood and wretchedness could have been prevented by one or two efficient garrisons.

It appears to be a law of human nature to concentrate into a focus, on the heads of individuals, both praise and censure. Effects which are in themselves emanations from popular, sometimes almost universal feeling, are placed to account of persons of prominent situation, but who have a limited agency to produce, and are utterly powerless to prevent the catastrophe, be it for good or evil.

MARK BANCROFT.

From Blackwood's Magazine. TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hoarse clatter'd the crow on the boughs overhead,

And the owl, from a time-ruin'd tower,

Boded forth to my spirit its omens of dread,

And added fresh gloom to the hour:

Earth frowned like a desert; the clouds roll'd above

In murkier shadows, a desolate throng;

While the stream, as it flow'd through October's was
grove,

Had turn'd into wailing its song.

Then sunk the red sun o'er the verge of the hill,

The dull twilight breeze roam'd abroad,

And sigh'd—while all sounds of existence were still,

Through the ægens that bordered the road.

'Twas a scene of seclusion—beneath an oak tree,

All pensive I sat on a moss-covered stone,

And thought that, whatever the future might be,

How sweet were the days which were gone!

I mused on the friends who had passed to the grave,

Like spectres they rose on the mind;

Then, listening, I heard but the dull hollow wave

Of the rank grass, bestir'd by the wind.

I thought on the glory, the sunshine of yore,

When Hope rear'd her fairy-built piles to the view;

Then turn'd to the darken'd plain acowling before,

And the wither'd plants laden with dew.

Thrice happy I deem'd, were the perish'd and dead,

Since pleasure but wane into woes;

And the friends, with whom youth's sunny morning

was led,

Have left us alone e'er its close.

Who longest survive but the longer deplore,

Since Heaven calls its favorites the soonest away;

The holly-tree smiles through the snows lying bear,

But the passion-flower fades in a day! DALLAS.

* Withers's Chronicles of Border Warfare, p. 235-6.

THE DIAMOND ROCK.

The annexed engraving is a view of the celebrated Diamond Rock, situated near Martinique, which was taken possession of and fortified in the year 1803, by lieutenant Donett, of the *Sophia*. While that vessel and the *Centaur*, commodore Samuel Hood, were blockading ports Royal and St. Pierre. An interesting description of the place is given by captain Bousall of the R. N. from which we extract the following particulars.

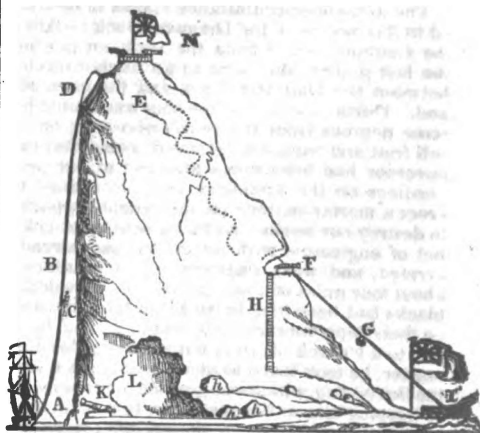
"While Mr. Donett was engaged on this service, he made frequent trips to the Diamond, for the object of procuring food for his stock, and found an abundance of thick, broad-leaved grass, well adapted for making straw hats for the seamen, which soon became a matter of some importance to them, as the schooner's crew had many orders from the ship for a supply. There was also growing on the rock, and almost covered it, an excellent substitute for spinach, called by the natives *calallo*; it is much the shape of the large common dock-leaf, and turned out a most useful vegetable to our people, as they had been long on salt beef; and the *calallo*, when boiled in large quantities and served out daily, put a stop to a heavy sick-list of scurvy cases.

The Diamond Rock now became a favourite spot, as the schooner had brought us so many good things; and I remember, when cruising on our usual station off Point Solomon, the schooner joined us. Mr. Donett came on board, when Sir Samuel then determined to take possession of the Diamond, fortify it, and to put it upon the establishment of a sloop of war. Next day, black-smiths and carpenters were set to work, making intrenching tools, hand-barrows, &c., and the seamen to make and prepare the necessary purchases. All in about a week was ready, as far as the resources on board the ship would admit; and a working party of fifty seamen and twenty-five marines, under the orders of lieutenant Andrew Maurice, with fourteen days' provisions, were landed on the Diamond Rock. As the party was to keep the launch completely armed with her 24 pounder carronade, she was secured at the only landing-place, and the gun, mounted on a projecting point, commanding this little cove. Immediately opposite the landing-place a very large cave was discovered, in which the forges were erected, and the carpenters and other artificers established their workshops; indeed it was so capacious that it contained the whole party and material for the first night. The interior of this cave, generally with the whole rock, being grey limestone, was very dry. From the roof were suspended numerous stalactites, which made a most brilliant appearance when the forge and other lights were burning; added to which, the mirth and fun of the party at getting on shore after long confinement on board, and our very novel employment of fitting out such a nondescript vessel as his majesty's sloop, the Diamond Rock, made this evening pass off very cheerfully; and, at the next dawn, our party entered most zealously into the various duties they had to do, so very different from what they had lately been accustomed to.

The low flat ground, as seen in the wood-cut, was soon cleared of its long grass and wild spinach; and a number of small dry caves and openings at the base of the rock were selected by the seamen for suspending their hammocks, and forming themselves into messes, while the officers were in tents, pitched on the flatish part of the ground, containing about three quarters of an acre. There were also two other caves of large dimensions, which became of importance to the safety of the rock, as well as conducive to the health of the squadron cruising amongst the French islands. It was armed with a 32 pounder carronade; and here was afterwards executed the grand magazine called "*Hood's Battery*."—It is about half way up the rock, (see wood-cut) at least three hundred and sixty feet from the water-line. This gun was sent up traversing on the jack-stay, or rope, secured at the top of the cave and on the low ground; and the latter was always used afterwards, by attaching a large tub to it, to convey stores and provisions to the upper parts of the rock; and when taken away, in the event of an enemy getting possession of the guns on the low grounds, the upper ones being deemed impregnable as long as they had ammunition or provisions, which was the case when the French fleet attacked it. They landed and stormed the lower forts, covered by their ships, after a heavy loss. Unfortunately, when our sailors retreated to the upper guns, they had not sufficient ammunition and water, and were obliged to surrender.

The other cave, on the east side of the rock, was built up in front to the height of three stories, and converted into a most excellent and well-aired hospital, (where the sick and wounded were sent, instead of conveying them to Barbadoes or Antigua,) amply supplied, after we left it, with a good medical staff, and every comfort for such an establishment.

NORTH-EAST SIDE.



A His Majesty's ship *Centaur*.
B Jack-stay and purchase, with the long 24 pounder slung.
C Gun, vial-black, and slings.

- D Projecting piece of rock at top, where upper end of the jack-stay was secured.
 E Footpath to upper battery.
 F Hood's battery, 24 pounder carronade, grand magazine. Provisions were also kept here for a month or six weeks.
 G Jack-stay and purchase, with a large tub called the Royal-Mail, as a communication between Hood's battery and low ground for provisions, &c.
 H Jacob's ladder, also communicating to Hood's battery, and hauled up every night.
 I Centaur battery.
 K Diamond, or Queen's battery.
 L Hospital Cave.
 A h h Caves where the people slept and trussed.
 N Upper, or Chicel's battery, two long 24 pounders.

This nondescript man-of-war existed about two years and a half, and was of great service to many of the squadron stationed about the French islands. Here a few bullocks and sheep, with other fresh provisions, were kept for them; and the hospital was of infinite service in recovering the crews after fever, or other casualties, — indeed, in our estimation, it was the most favoured spot in the West Indies.

The Diamond Rock was at last retaken by a French squadron, in 1805 or 1806, after a gallant defence, owing to the want of ammunition, and perhaps not considered of so much importance by the admiral who succeeded our commodore, whose squadron was, indeed, employed in a more distant part of his station; and the only attraction now on this desolate rock is the chance visit of some old friend or shipmate who served in the West Indies at that period, to trace the graves of Reynolds and Neville, who gallantly fell in action, and are buried here with many other brave spirits, who all, like myself, had the happiness and honour to serve under that distinguished chief, Sir Samuel Hood.

The following circumstance claims to be added to this notice of the Diamond Rock:—After the Centaur parted from the rock, on getting the last gun up, she came to an anchor inside, between the Diamond Rock and the main island. During the nights, the ship was visited by some negroes from the shore, who stole off to sell fruit and bananas. It was reported that the governor had been much annoyed at our proceedings on the Diamond, and determined to erect a mortar-battery on the heights opposite to destroy our works, and that a lieutenant-colonel of engineers, with an escort, had already arrived, and were quartered at a plantation about four miles off from the beach. One of the blacks had been long in an English family, and on their departure from the island he had been sold to a French planter; but not liking his new master, he took leave to claim protection under the British flag, which was granted, and a promise of keeping him in the service, a free man, if he would conduct a party to the colonel's quarters. Accordingly the barge, well manned and armed, under the orders of Lieutenant Reynolds, with Lieutenant Butterworth and other volunteers, in all twenty-three persons, including *Black Jest*, our guide, landed on the main island at midnight. The party set off at quick time

through the different plantations of sugar, coffee, and cotton, and arrived in sight of the farmhouse. Jack was sent in advance; and, with an acuteness so peculiar to his race, he crept softly into almost all the huts and out-houses, and discovered that the soldiers were sleeping in perfect security, and found their arms piled under a shed, evidently under the charge of a sentinel, but who, they afterwards learned, found himself more comfortable in the huts. On this information, Lieutenant Butterworth (being the best Frenchman) and a party went boldly up to the door of the house, and demanded immediate admittance to the colonel, being charged with despatches from the governor to Port Royal. They were let in by a female slave, who, seeing *Black Jack* in advance, whom she knew, showed the way to the colonel's sleeping room. The rest of our party, under lieutenant Reynolds, surrounded the huts and out-houses; and in ten minutes seventeen of the soldiers, with their arms, and giving them time to take their knapsacks, were made prisoners without firing a shot. The home party now joined with the colonel, also a prisoner; the whole returned to the boat, and were on board the ship by daylight. This little trick, played off on the governor of Martinique, took from him the only officer of engineers he had on the island: so the people of the Diamond heard no more intelligence respecting a mortar-battery.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

MANKIND had sunk from realms of light,
 To regions of the deepest night:
 The soul, where heavenly essence glowed,
 Is now depravity's abode;
 And glooms of death, eternal roll
 Their hoary honours o'er the soul;
 And not a ray of heavenly light,
 To gild the gloom of spiritual night;
 Till, bursting forth, his rising rays
 The Sun of Righteousness displays;
 And, darting deep, with force divine,
 Through all the darkened soul they shine;
 And then a living light diffuse,
 Which fresh the germ of life renews.
 The inward prospect then is fair,
 And heavenly beauty centres there;
 As when the sun returns to cheer
 With golden beam, the rising year;
 Fair Spring, her swelling bosom lays
 Wide open to his smiling rays;
 And flowers rise in every hue,
 All glittering in the morning dew.
 So, when the Sun of Righteousness
 Has deigned the guilty soul to bless,
 That soul rejoicing in his beams,
 An intellectual garden seems.
 The heavenly virtues brightly shine,
 Rich in the beams of Love divine;
 Which fills the whole expanded mind
 With Charity, for all mankind;
 The soul is fit for Heaven's abode,
 And man united to his God.

WAIHAWA

LEISURE HOURS.—In what way can your leisure hours be filled up so as to turn to greater account, than in profitable reading? the study of useful books, for those trifling amusements, which insidiously lead the unwary into the paths of profligacy and vice?

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

ENG and CHANG are natives of a small village on the sea coast of Siam, called Maklong, about 60 miles from the capital. They were born in May, 1811, of Chinese parents, and are united to each other by a ligature, or band, about three and a half inches in length, and eight in circumference, formed at the extremity of the breast bone of each, and extending downwards to the abdomen. The upper part of the band is a strong cartilaginous substance; the lower part is soft and fleshy, and contains a tube or cavity, presumed to be about an inch and a half in circumference. On the lower edge of the band, exactly in its centre, is situated the umbilicus or naval; (there being but one in common between them;) a pressure upon the lower part of the band when they cough, laugh, or sneeze, would cause considerable pain, which would be equally felt by each. If the connecting link be touched in the centre, both are equally sensible to it; but if half an inch from the centre, it is only felt by one. There is nevertheless a considerable degree of nervous sympathy between the two bodies, but it is entirely overpowered by the operation of the mind. This was strongly proved at one time by Dr. Roget, Secretary to the Royal Society, by means of a galvanic experiment. I am clearly of opinion that there is a degree of muscular power in the band, and that strength is sometimes communicated from one to the other. The flexibility of the cartilage is so great, that they can readily turn those shoulders towards each other's which are outward when walking; indeed there probably would have been no difficulty in their walking either way, had they learned to do so when young. Their mother had a number of other children without any peculiarity, all of whom, excepting Chang and Eng, and a brother and sister, are dead.

Their father died when they were eight years of age; about the same time they were severely affected with the small pox, and shortly afterwards the measles; by both these disorders, they were equally ill, recovered at the same moment, and by the same remedies. Since that time they have never suffered by any illness excepting occasionally a slight cough. They have been several months at sea, but never were ill in consequence of it, so as to cause nausea; on the contrary, they were always remarkably well on shipboard, would frequently go aloft; and many times have expressed a wish that they might at some future day command a ship of their own.

Their parents were of the poorer class, and until the youths left their home, they were engaged in fishing, manufacturing coconut oil, keeping poultry, &c. for the support of their family. A visitor once asked them what was their occupation in their own country; when they facetiously answered that they were merchants having been engaged in the duck and egg trade.

They left Siam on the 1st of April, 1839, under the protection of Capt. Abel Coffin, on board the American ship *Sachem*, which was commanded by him, and who had obtained the consent of their parents and of the Government to

their leaving the country. The mother and children were equally pleased at the voyage, as a sufficiency was left for her support, and all were aware of the respectability of those in whose charge they were placed. The youths never express any desire to return to their native country, excepting to visit their friends after which they hope to pass the remainder of their lives in Europe or America.

They are as near as possible of the same height, about five feet two inches; and finely formed in every respect, and possess a great degree of muscular power for persons of their size. I have known them to carry a person upwards of an hundred feet, whose weight was 200 pounds; and to throw others without any difficulty, whose weight much exceed theirs, which was, on the 1st of Jan. 1831, 210 pounds; having gained 40 pounds within a year. They are remarkably agile, can walk or run with great swiftness, and can swim as well as most single persons.—Their activity can readily be imagined by those who have seen them playing at battledore and shuttlecock, a game of which they are particularly fond, as combining exercise with recreation. They are very fond of hunting, are quite expert with the fowling-piece, and carry with them their shooting apparatus. Their hair, which is about four feet in length, is braided in the Chinese style. In doing this, in washing, dressing, or in any other occupation, they require no assistance, each acting for himself with as perfect ease as would an individual.

Their intellectual powers are very acute, and in this respect it has not been observed that one possesses the slightest degree of superiority over the other. The wisdom of Providence is herein strongly manifested; for did any mental superiority exist, it would necessarily lead to contentions and struggles for pre-eminence, which happily is so far from being the case, that many who have visited them have left them under the impression that they were actuated by only one mind, so simultaneous were they in all their movements. They play at chess and draughts remarkably well, but never in opposition to each other; having been asked to do it, they replied that no more pleasure would be derived from it, than by playing with the right hand against the left.

They now dress in the fashion of this country. They are so conversant with the English language, that they can understand all that is said to them and converse with tolerable fluency; they are also very desirous to make themselves generally acquainted with the manners and customs of our country.

A volume might be filled by enumerating their shrewdness and keenness of remark; and to mention one or two instances here may not be deemed improper. A visitor once came into the room, who had but one eye, upon which they observed to the doorkeeper that the gentleman should have paid only half price for admission, as he only had half the chance to see which others had. On seeing a cripple who had lost both hands and feet, they made him a present, remarking that as they had four hands and he none; it was not only a pleasure, but their duty to assist him.

The ex-king of France, Charles X. once visited them in Liverpool, and on leaving them made them a present of a piece of gold; after he was gone, they observed that they supposed the reason why he gave them gold was because he had no crown. Indeed there are few who visit them, who escape their notice, and they generally amuse themselves and friends an hour or two in the evening, by relating some of the strange observations they have heard during the day and in remarks upon those they have seen at the exhibition room.

Their feelings are warm and affectionate, and their conduct amiable and well regulated. They are very susceptible, and an act of kindness or affectionate treatment of any description is never forgotten, while an injury or insult offered to one, is equally resented by the other. They never enter into conversation or discussion with each other, because, possessing, as before observed, the same quantum of intellect, and having been placed constantly in the same circumstances, precisely the same effects have been produced upon the mind of each, therefore they have not that to communicate which two other beings would have under the common circumstances of distinct observation. It is occasionally observed that a simple remark may be made by one to the other, but I have never known them to enter into conversation with each other.—The attempt has been frequently made to engage them in separate conversations with different individuals, but without success, as they are invariably inclined to direct their attentions to the same thing at the same time.

In their movements the most perfect equanimity is observed, the one always concurring with the other so exactly, that they appear as if actuated by one common mind, and it is next to impossible, by the strictest scrutiny, to discover with which the impulse originates, whenever they arise of their own accord. In their necessary employments of life, or in their amusements, they have never been known to pass an angry word with each other; and whenever either wishes to pursue any particular course, he immediately follows the bent of his inclinations, without the least intimation by word or motion to the other, who, nevertheless, readily coincides, and without the slightest hesitation moves wherever the will of the former may direct. As the one always assents to the movements of the other, and as no words pass between them, it is curious to imagine how such assent is conveyed.

Their appetites are remarkably good, and they are now quite accustomed to, and pleased with, the general living of this country. Their usual beverage is tea, coffee, or water; wine or spirits they seldom taste. Their likings or distastes for particular food are the same precisely: whatever pleases one, gratifies also the other; and any thing unpleasant to one, has the same effect upon the mind of his brother. This remark applies not only to food, but also to persons and things with which they come in contact. They invariably feel hunger and thirst at the same time, and the quantity of food taken by them is as nearly alike as possible.

Both feel the desire to sleep simultaneously,

and they always awake at the same moment. I have never yet known one to be sleeping and the other awake at the same time; indeed, when asleep, so great is the nervous sympathy which exists between them, that a touch upon the body of either will awaken both. While in bed, they are not confined to any particular position, but rest on either side as may best suit their convenience, generally, however, with their faces towards each other. They usually sleep nine or ten hours each night, and quite soundly, when they do feel restless, and desire to vary their position, the one must roll entirely over the other, and they have frequently been observed to do this without either awaking or being apparently disturbed by the change.

Upon the possibility or otherwise of separating them by surgical means, some difference appears in the opinions of scientific men; ninety-nine in an hundred believe it altogether impossible, and all that it would be an experiment of such risk as not to be warranted, unless in the event of the death of one; and that it is considered as almost an impossibility, in consequence of the strong degree of circulation which is between them. It is however, to them a very unpleasant subject, and they feel quite averse to have it spoken of. They have often remarked that they never saw any single person as happy as they are, therefore they have no reason to wish for a change.

The humidity of a northern climate did not at first agree with them; the weather, on their arrival in England, being unceasingly damp and foggy, both, in consequence were severely affected by colds and coughs, in equal degree, from which they recovered simultaneously. During the dark and foggy days, they would sometimes take a deadened coal from the grate, and holding it up, call it the London sun; and the day after their arrival there, it being necessary to have lighted candles in the drawing room at noon in consequence of the fog and smoke, they went to bed, insisting that it was not possible it could be day time. Now they had never seen till they went to England, and on first viewing it they were much astonished, inquiring whether it was sugar or salt.

The youths arrived in the United States from their native country, in August, 1829; remained in America eight weeks, and embarked for London, where they arrived on the 19th November following. They remained in great Britain until January, 1831, having travelled upwards of 2500 miles in the kingdom, and received the visits of about 300,000 individuals in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Bath, Leeds, York, Sheffield, Bristol, Birmingham, and most of the principal cities and towns in the kingdom. They were honored by visits from her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, and others of the royal family, the foreign ambassadors, nobility, and by most of the philosophers and scientific men of the age. They have travelled in all the United States except Vermont, Missouri, and Illinois.

Having thus, in order to gratify public curiosity hastily put together a few prominent facts regarding this extraordinary variety in the works of Almighty power, it need scarcely be

observed that the most fastidious female will find nothing in the exhibition to wound her delicate feelings. Ladies of the first rank both in Europe and America, have visited them daily in great numbers; and of all who have honored them with their company, none have appeared more gratified than the gentler sex.

Written for the Casket.

On the Uncertainty of Worldly Enjoyments.

'Tis the heart that is pure, I most love and admire,
The countenance ever serene;
Attun'd to the thrilling of charity's lyre,
And which dissipates sorrow and spleen.

When misfortune and poverty darken the brow,
Of the virtuous and sensitive mind,
Should the bosom of sympathy comforts bestow,
The feelings, how pure and refined.

Alas! to mankind, what can riches bestow?
Can they happiness ever impart—
To soften the painful reflections of woe,
Or banish distress from the heart?

Could riches, and honours, or noble descent,
Bring comfort, wherever they fall,
Could these add a drop, to the cup of content—
I'd gladly partake of them all.

Even the charms of the face, may occasion a sigh,
And the costly allurements of art,
May yield a short respite of joy to the eye,
But can give no delight to the heart.

On riches, for happiness, never depend,
'Tis a ball that will quickly roll by,
While riches exist, they may gain you a friend,
But from poverty, soon they will fly. AGNES.

THE SUN BRIGHT CLIME.

Have ye heard? Have ye heard? of the sun-bright clime,
Unstain'd by sorrow, unhurt by time:
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the heart is fire, and the eye is flame,
Have ye heard of that sun-bright clime?

There are rivers of water, gushing there,
And beings of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave, and the golden shore,
That are found in the sun-bright clime!

There are myriads of forms array'd in white,
Beings of beauty cloth'd in light;
They dwell in their own immortal powers,
'Midst the countless hues of unfading flowers,
That spring in that sun-bright clime!

And there is the city whose name is light!
With the diamond's ray, and the ruby bright;
And ensigns are waving, and banners unturl,
Over walls of brass, and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

But far away is that sinless clime,
Unstain'd by sorrow, unhurt by time.
'Tis where the song of the seraph swells,
Where the radiant Lord of glory dwells,
Where, amid all things bright, is given
The home of the just, and its name is heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

ESSAY

ON CRUELTY TO BRUTE CREATURES.

(Occasioned by seeing a man beat an ox unmercifully.)

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forwarn'd,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose—the alcove,
The chamber or refectory—may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame. COWPER.

I have no fellowship for the man who "needlessly sets foot upon a worm," and he who unmercifully beats the dumb, uncomplaining creature on which perhaps he depends for half of his subsistence, can never be my accepted friend. We are bound by every obligation to treat dumb beasts with gentleness and mercy; even our interest demands it. God created them at the same time and place, and of the same clay of which man was formed, and to man was given dominion over them, not for evil but for good. I have always been of the opinion that they do not perish after death, from the circumstance of their sharing in the evils which resulted from the fall of Adam. Man had dominion at first over them all, but after he fell from his state of glorious perfection, he became a tyrant so terrible, that the greater portion fled from the scenes of his presence. Even now every reptile in the fields and woods flies at his approach, fearful of his unprovoked vengeance. The arm of almost every human being is lifted against that harmless reptile, the snake. It is proscribed by man, woman and child, and it is for this reason that I never suffer myself to molest them when I wander in the solitude of their woodland haunts. I never read that part of the story of Uncle Toby, in which he throws up the window to let a fly escape, which had pestered him, without feeling a glow of pleasure. It proves a good heart, and the language he addressed to the fly, should be familiar to every one. "Go, poor devil, there is room enough in the world for thee and me."

If the thoughtless fellow who beats his beast, could reflect for a moment, he would be convinced that he owes gratitude to the brute, instead of vengeance—and that his own interest dictates care and mild treatment. In what a helpless condition would man be without the services and use of the brute creation. Without the horse, he would be confined to a circuit of a few miles, in all inland countries, and what the horse is to our own clime, the rein-deer is to the northern countries, covered with eternal snows, and the camel to the dried and solitary desert. God has wisely adapted every thing to the convenience and benefit of men. The horse would perish in long journeys over the desert, and the camel could not survive amid the frozen scenes of the north. Divine wisdom has placed in the stomach of the camel a reservoir for water, to serve him on the parched desert, and to the eye

of the rein-deer, is fitted a skin with a small aperture in the centre, which shields it from the injuries which otherwise would have been inflicted by the frozen flakes of snow. Here is seen the wisdom, as well as the goodness of God.

Man is also indebted to the patient cow, for the luxuries of the dairy, without which, the pleasures of the table would become meagre and precarious. The ox in conjunction with the horse, tills our fields, and adds not only to our luxuries, but to our coffers. It is to the cow, that we owe a preventive to one of the most dreadful of all the diseases which ever proved a scourge to the human race. I mean the small pox, which destroyed millions, till the discovery by Dr. Jenner, of the vaccine matter on the cow's udder. Millions have since been rescued from untimely tombs by the singular discovery. But not only are those creatures useful while living, for when dead, their bodies supply us with excellent food. To their hides, we are indebted for shoes, to protect our feet, to their horns for combs, and glue so useful in many of the arts. By their tallow, we are enabled to see when the sun leaves the world in darkness, and the oil obtained from their feet, is useful in many ways.

The sheep is another useful animal. Upon its meat, we subsist in the summer months, and its wool renders us comfortable when the storms are abroad in winter. But among all the dumb servants of man, there is not one so fondly attached to him, as the dog. The dog watches our habitations by night, and our flocks by day, ever ready to die in the defence of the master, he at once fears and worships. When man has fallen under the scourge and scorn of an unfeeling world, when he is deserted by his fellow man, and all else forsakes him, his faithful dog still clings to him, willing to share in his ruin as he did in its rise. Many stories are told of the undying friendship, which the dog indulges for man. It is said that, during the French Revolution, a dog saw his master fall, and followed him to the grave, from which no entreaties or kindness could tempt him, till he perished with grief. The history of the dogs, of the great St. Bernard, is an interesting picture of the fidelity and affection of that noble creature. The convent of the great St. Bernard, is instituted near the top of a mountain, of the same name, not far from one of the most terrific passes of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In this dreary spot the traveller is frequently lost in snow storms, or overwhelmed by avalanches, vast bodies of snow tumbling from the summits of the mountains. The generous, and humane monks, of the convent, whose doors are never shut against the weary traveller; for many years kept dogs, which by the delicacy of their smell could discover the traveller though buried twenty feet beneath the snow. One of those generous dogs was honored with a medal on commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who but for him, must have perished. One of the dogs always carried a flask of liquor suspended under his neck, that the perishing traveller might be revived when discovered. The same dog, that had saved the lives of so many, perished himself in at-

tempting to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. They were both overwhelmed by an avalanche, and perished. The same fate overtook the family of the traveller, who were coming up the mountain to meet him. It is said that one of those dogs found a little boy in the solitude of the mountain, whose mother had perished beneath an avalanche. The affectionate creature induced the poor boy to get upon his back, and thus carried the little fellow asleep to the gates of the convent. The subject I have seen represented in a print.

The dog is not the only creature remarkable for his attachment to man. It is recorded, that the celebrated Edmund Burke, owned a very old horse, which had formerly belonged to his son. After the death of the son, the old horse was turned into the park to end his days, in ease and quiet. Burke having given orders, that he should be treated with the utmost kindness, in memory of his former master. Burke was a man of not only splendid talents, but of refined feelings, and the most intense affections. One day he was musing in the park, when the old horse came and stood before him, apparently sympathising in his sorrows, for his son. At length, he approached still nearer and suddenly approaching closely, rested his head on his master's bosom. The tide of memory rolled over the heart of Burke, and he threw his arms round the neck of the affectionate animal, and wept long and loudly. Such an act was worthy a generous heart.

The elephant is also distinguished for its attachment to man, especially when well treated. Captain Mundy relates an extraordinary instance, which occurred in India. A gentleman, while hunting the lion, as is customary in that country, fell from the howdah, (or saddle on the back of the elephant,) and found himself in the very clutches of a large lion. The elephant no sooner saw the dangerous situation of his master, than he seized a small tree with his trunk, under which the lion was standing, and bent it down with so great a force over the back of the lion, that he roared with agony, and released the man from his jaws of inevitable death.—Such instances of affection and gratitude in dumb beasts, are by no means rare. Almost every page of natural history abounds with them. Dumb creatures have in a thousand ways contributed to the comfort and happiness of the human race. It was the cackling of geese, that once saved Rome, and from the goose which has the least brain of all animals of its size, we obtained that mighty instrument, the pen so useful to mankind. The monkey which has the most brain of any animal, according to its size, (save man,) has ever been of service to mankind. Its mimicry has cured melancholy in many persons, and rescued others from the grave, saving them by exhilarating the mind in low nervous diseases. A man was once saved from death, by seeing a monkey drink physic. His wry faces so tickled him, that he recovered from that moment.

During dark periods of the world, when superstition and ignorance conjoined with prejudice, prevented the anatomist from obtaining human bodies, the bodies of dumb beasts have

contributed to the improvement and spread of science. We are told that Dr. Hoffman discovered the pancreas in a turkey, and that the salivary glands which secrete spittle were discovered in an ox, by Dr. Wharton. The thoracic duct was first found in a horse by Eustachius; and Rufus, in dissecting an ewe, found the fallopian tubes. Thus was the door opened to the discovery of the same in man.

It is to be regretted that there is no veterinary chair established in any of our American Universities, teaching the cure of diseases in domestic animals. The illustrious Dr. Rush was as much in favor of such an institution, but his philanthropic wishes were never gratified. Such institutions are common in Germany, France and England, and are evidently productive of much benefit.

The study of that part of natural history, which treats of domestic animals, is very interesting and irresistibly leads the mind "from nature up to nature's God." How interesting, how beautiful do they render a country life! Who can gaze upon the gaudy peacock, the favourite of Juno; the strutting turkey, or see the gambols of innocent lambs on the green hills, without feeling a glow of delight and acknowledging that the works of nature are indeed beautiful and rife with wisdom. Such a study like music has a tendency to harmonize the human soul, and render man more intelligent, as well as a better being. What lover of nature but must admire the wisdom that implanted the principle of *instinct* in the mind of the brute creation. In many respects, it appears similar to reason in man, in others quite different. The brute mind possesses the faculties of memory and understanding, the former in perfection, for the horse will remember a road long after his rider has forgotten it. But no brute has the faculty of imagination, hence they are dead to those sublime delights which the human mind and especially that of the poet enjoys. That they have the faculty of understanding is proven by the fact, that goats, dogs and hogs have been taught to read and to use arithmetic. They perhaps reason in many instances but lack the principle of judgment.

The force of education has been strongly exemplified in the associations sometimes formed between stronger and weaker animals. The dog is the natural, jealous enemy of the cat, but in many families dogs and cats are seen eating together in perfect harmony. The force of early discipline and necessity was shown some years ago by a rat catcher who gave some young rats to a cat which had lost its kittens. The creature instead of destroying them, suckled and tenderly reared them. A man not long ago kept a small menagerie in London, containing a cat, a rat, mice, guinea pigs, an owl, a hawk, a sparrow, a pigeon, and starling, all living in perfect harmony and affection. The sparrow without fear perched itself, on the head of its natural enemy the owl, and the mice unmindful of danger played their tricks in the presence of the cat. Beautiful sight! Beautiful exemplification of the power of early discipline and habit! We here see a result worthy the imitation of human beings.

The brute creation has been held in high esteem by all refined nations and people. In Rome the raven was considered to possess the power of foretelling awful events, for we are told by historians, that on the night preceding the assassination of Caesar in the Senate House. The ravens croaked in the air. The lamb is used as a figure for our Saviour, and the flesh of certain animals was considered peculiarly and particularly acceptable in sacrifice to God. There is a custom still in use in the Roman church of praying for all dumb creatures. Many of the constellations are represented in the form of beasts, reptiles and fishes. Alexander the great owed much of his success to his noble horse Bucephalus, and did not hesitate to express his gratitude, for he named a city in honor of the proud creature which had so often borne him to battle and to conquest.

Seeing then and knowing that we are so much indebted to the dumb creatures, what shadow of excuse has man for his tyranny to them. The very meanness of the whole creation is his benefactor. Woman adorns her lovely form with the product of the labor of a poor worm scarcely two inches long. Many an unthinking man rails at the millions of flies which infest our dwellings in summer, ignorant that they are the great scavengers which remove putrid substances from our dwellings and our bodies and thereby no doubt prevent many diseases fatal to human life.

It behoves man then to acknowledge those creatures, blessings bestowed upon him by the Author of all good, and instead of tyrannizing over them, to treat them with that gentleness and kindness which they merit. Kindness to inferior creatures always indicates a good heart and intelligent mind, for ignorance and cruelty are generally found united in the same person.

MILFORD BARD.

Written for the Casket.

AMBITION.

BY A LADY.

"Thou, like hindmost chariot wheel, art cursed,
Still to be near, but ne'er to be the first."

How many, in toiling up the steep ascent on which are placed the offices, and employments of dignity, to which their ambition or their vanity has led them to aspire, feel this curse treading on their footsteps, and making even comparative success, little better than bitter disappointment: since to be first, is the supreme desire of small, as well as great ambition. Authors, whose chase is after fame, as well as those who toil after more earthly and substantial goods, are often fated to the misery of seeing their talents lagging in the rear of their ambition, and compelled, by public opinion, to occupy the second place, when self-love would fain urge them to the belief that their merits entitled them to the first.

Parnassus is of so steep and difficult an ascent, that few have mental strength to reach its summit, and of the myriads who have attempted it, many have proved that it is dangerous to stand upon its sides, and that those who stop midway, are more apt to reach the base of the spoun-

tain, than its top. Other eminences, less classical, offer the same difficulty, they prove too steep for the capacity of the aspirant, and oblige him to confess, that his talents and ambition are unequally matched.

The most elevated situations are not always or of necessity, the most happy; and it is very much to be doubted, whether those who have spent the best years of their lives, in labouring after some wished for eminence, would not gladly resign their hard earned grandeur, on condition of enjoying again the tranquillity of earlier and humbler days.

It is on record, that the third Pope Adrian, after having past through so many vicissitudes of fortune, as to have been refused a menial office, in one of the English convents, and having gained the highest step in the ladder of human ambition, was heard to say, that St. Peter's chair, was the most uneasy seat he had ever sat upon, and that the papal crown, was like a burning iron bound around his head.

Since ambition, in different degrees, seems to be inherent in the human mind, it is much to be lamented that the goal to which it points is so often unworthy self-exultation, appears to be the governing principle or motive of all ranks, and employments are sought after, and offices petitioned for, not from the noble ambition of rendering these offices and employments the vehicle of usefulness to their country and their fellow men, but from the paltry pride of standing upon high places, and like the Pharisees of old, taking the uppermost seats in the synagogues.

This, indeed is ambition, with all the "illness that wait upon it." But is it worthy to be the ambition of those whose inheritance is eternity? Are the narrow views which bound this finite and inconsiderable globe of earth, fit objects for the immortal spirit to rest its labours and its hopes upon? Let the Philosopher and the Christian answer no! The action, which has no motive but the grovelling one of self-aggrandizement, has no spirit which can out-live time, and can claim no affinity with that noble ambition, which is the reward, as well as the incitement of noble minds.

The ignoble soul, makes self the centre, and self must be in all the circumference with such; self-interest is the moving spring that puts events in motion, which may involve the fate of thousands; the consequence of which may last long after the name and the fame of the original projector is forgotten in the dust of oblivion. But the Patriot, whose ambition takes a nobler flight, who makes the welfare of his country and mankind his object, spurns at the downward way, and aiming at a higher mark, obtains a higher prize.

This, we are bound to say, is the only legitimate ambition of an immortal being; how different, alas! from that which has actuated the whole race of heroes and Statesmen, (with but few exceptions,) whose actions are recorded in history, "From Macedonian's mad-man, to the Swede," the relation of whose brilliant, but useless achievements, but

"Lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind."

Ambition, may well be said, to be the govern-

ing motive of the whole human race: the hero and Statesman, may smile at the thought of the simple and lowly, arrogating to themselves that quality which they are apt to think their own exclusive privilege, the principle on which they have achieved their own elevation, and which appears to belong of right, to that portion of mankind, who act the principal character on the world's stage, be it for weal or woe. But though the Cæsars, the Alexanders, the Napoleons, and their kindred spirits, may claim exclusively that principle which stirs within them, to make them the wonder and the dread of the world; but still there follow, far in the rear, indeed, but still in the same path, multitudes, who, though they may not attain to the distinction from the common herd, as those before them, still feel that burning, for pre-eminence over their fellows, that may be called ambition, even though the mark at which they aim, may be a raven, instead of an eagle.

If then, it seems an indispensable condition of our being, that we be ambitious of, or aspire after something, let us all take care, that the object be worthy of us; lest we be found wanting time, our most precious possession, on that which profiteth most, and lest this life, which was only lent us, as a means of preparing us for a longer and a better one, closes in upon us, and we find ourselves entering the broad ocean of eternity, with little preparation, and few stores laid in for the never ending voyage.

Long life, is a blessing only to those who make industrious and active use of it, in administering to the wants, or supplying the deficiencies, whether intellectual or moral, of their fellow beings. But he, who holds his time, as his own individual property, to squander with inconsiderate follies, and vicious indulgence, has each day a record against him, of follies committed, and duties neglected, and the list of his penalties, in the amount of which he is worse than bankrupt, becomes longer as his days are increased. Let us, then, keep alive within us, the sacred flame of honourable ambition; let the fire be kept as constantly, as religiously burning, as erst it was by the Vestal Virgins of old—let no neglect of ours, suffer the flame to expire, lest, like the Holy Vestals, we be scourged for the offence, and unlike them, be unable to re-light the fire, by rays from Heaven.

A. B. J.

THE WILD RED ROSE.

Thou wild red rose of the forest green;
Why growest thou here in the woods scarce seen,
In the wild hanging woods by this mossy rock,
Why hidest thou here thy briery stock?

Thy fragrance sweet rose makes glad the thrush,
As she sings on a bough of the neighbouring bush—
Thy scent makes glad the harmless wren
As she chirps on a bough of thy woody den.

Scarce seen art thou, O sweetest rose,
In the forest green where the laurel grows—
Except by the hunters who pass this way,
Or the forest wilds that around thee play.

Thou wild red rose of the forest bred,
Art worthy a cultivated bed—
That thou mightest praise thy beauteous stalk,
Thy fragrance fill some public walk.

MA

THE GREAT BRITISH EMERALD

THE GREAT BRITISH EMERALD

The arch of Titus is situated on the eastern declivity of the Palatine mount. On approaching it from the south (being the side least injured by time) its original form is lost in ruins at each extremity; but the arch itself, a column on each side of it, with the frieze and attic, are still pretty entire. The building, in its original form, must have been nearly an exact square. It is constructed of white marble. In the space formed by the curve of the arch, there are winged figures, personifying Fame. Upon the frieze is a representation of a sacrifice, with an allegorical figure at the extremity of the procession, carried upon a litter.

Upon the attic appears the following inscription:

SENATVS
POPVLVSQVE . ROMANVS .
DIVO . TITO . DIVI . VESPASIANI . F .
VESPASIANO . AVGUSTO .

Which may be thus translated:

THE SENATE
AND PEOPLE OF ROME,
TO THE DIVINE TITUS, THE SON OF VESPASIAN
THE AUGUST.

Upon entering the arch (which is about fourteen or fifteen feet wide) on each side are oblong spaces, seven feet in height, by nearly fourteen in length, containing a representation of the triumph of Titus, when he returned to Rome, after having taken Jerusalem.

On the east side appears the emperor in a triumphal car, drawn by four horses; Victory is crowning him with laurel; Rome personified as a female figure, conducts the horses; and citizens and soldiers crowned with laurel, compose the crowd that attend him.

On the opposite side, is another and more interesting part of the procession, exhibiting the spoils taken from the temple of Jerusalem;—the golden candlestick with seven branches, the golden table, and the silver trumpets, carried and accompanied by many figures crowned with laurel, and bearing the Roman standards.

During the time these sculptures were in execution, the objects themselves must have been under the eyes of the artist, as the accidents to which their loss is attributed, happened long after the arch was completed. The same sacred vessels made under the immediate direction of Moses, did not exist in the Temple at the time it was destroyed: those brought back from Babylon having been carried off by Antiochus Epiphanes, but they were immediately replaced by persons well acquainted with their form, and it is still easy to trace the general outlines of these objects in Exodus xxv. 3.—36.

The Jewish Historian, Josephus, an eye-witness of the triumph of Vespasian and Titus, distinctly mentions these objects as making a conspicuous figure in the procession. After mentioning some other particulars, he says, "But for these (spoils) that were taken in the Temple of Jerusalem, they made the greatest figure of them all; that is, the golden table of the weight of many talents; the candlestick also that was made of gold,"—"the branches were in number seven, and represented the honour in which the number seven was held among the Jews." He then adds, "and after these triumphs were over,

Vespasian resolved to build a temple to Peace: he also laid up therein those golden vessels and instruments that were taken out of the Jewish temple, as ensigns of his glory. But still he gave orders that they should lay up their law and the purple veil of the holy place in the imperial palace itself, and keep them there."

Thus, although injured by time and accident, there is still standing at Rome a resemblance, taken from the objects themselves, of the holy instruments and vessels, originally formed according to divine instruction, 3323 years ago; bearing undeniable evidence to the truth of the Mosaic history.

It is probable that part of these injuries may be attributed to the antipathy which the Jews have to this moment of their final overthrow.—The lapse of eighteen centuries has not effaced the memory of that calamity from the minds of the modern Jews.

At little more than a thousand paces from this monument, there is another memorial of their subjugation. In what is called the *Ghetto Ebraico* (or abode for Jews), from five to six thousand of them reside, and are confined every night, from an hour after sun-set till an hour before sunrise, in a few narrow and dirty streets that have been allotted to them.

After eighteen centuries of persecution, they remain a living monument and illustration of some of the most remarkable passages of Scripture prophecy. Moses foretold in detail, the miseries of the siege which Josephus has related, and predicted the signal punishment that awaited their unbelief; and the honours conferred upon Titus for completing their ruin, took place at the distance of no less than half a century from the time that our Saviour forwarded them of its approach. These prophecies are in our hands, and the captive nation itself has been dispersed among us to attest their accomplishment.

If the present condition of the Jews be a fact, for which we have the evidence of our senses, so the memory of those events which led to it, have been guarded by every circumstance that can give authenticity to history.

Two Roman emperors of eminent renown (Vespasian and Titus) were employed in the work of destruction, and the notice taken of it by their contemporaries proves it to have been regarded as the most prominent achievement of their reign. The exploits of Roman power were recorded and speedily published to the utmost limits of an empire that extended from the Thames to the Euphrates. Surviving the convulsions by which that mighty empire was torn in pieces, the Jews remain a distinct people; preserving with religious care the history of their crimes, and sentences of condemnation, and though in avowed enmity to Christianity, supporting by their obstinacy the evidence of its truth.

A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a woman of common talents not jealous, an accomplished woman who seems to shine—are four wonders, just great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.
—Lavater.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

BECKFORD'S ITALY,

Upon a former occasion we directed the attention of our readers to the highly attractive and deeply interesting character of this deservedly popular work. We are induced to offer them the following extract, which will be found to arrest the attention and awaken the most lively interest in the mind of the most insensible and superficial reader.

The incident, and the circumstances connected with it, are of the most thrilling character, and are delineated in that graphic and impressive language, which indicates the scholar and man of feeling.

We shall offer no apology for the length of the extract; it will amply reward the time engaged in its perusal.

"But as it is not the lot of human animals to be contented, instead of reposing in the vale, I scaled the rock, and was three parts dissolved in attaining its summit. The sun darted upon my head, I wished to avoid its immediate influence; no tree was near; the pleasant valley lay below at a considerable depth, and it was a long way to descend to it. Looking round and round, I spied something like a hut, under a crag on the edge of a dark fissure. Might I avail myself of its covert? My conductor answered in the affirmative, and added that it was inhabited by a good old woman, who never refused a cup of milk, or slice of bread, to refresh a weary traveller.

Thirst and fatigue urged me speedily down an intervening slope of stunted myrtle. Though oppressed with heat, I could not help deviating a few steps from the direct path to notice the uncouth rocks which rose frowning on every quarter. Above the hut, their appearance was truly formidable, bristled over with sharp-spined dwarf aloes, such as Lucifer himself might be supposed to have sown. Indeed I knew not whether I was not approaching some gate that leads to his abode, as I drew near a gulf (the fissures lately mentioned) and heard the deep hollow murmurs of the gusts which were imprisoned below. The savage, my guide, shuddered as he passed by to apprise the old woman of my coming. I felt strangely, and stared around me, and but half liked my situation.

In the midst of my doubts, forth tottered the old woman. "You are welcome," said she, in a feeble voice, but a better dialect than I had heard in the neighbourhood. Her look was more humane, and she seemed of a superior race to the inhabitants of the surrounding valleys. My savage treated her with peculiar deference.—She had just given him some bread, with which he retired to a respectable distance bowing to the earth. I caught the mode, and was very obsequious, thinking myself on the point of experiencing a witch's influence, and gaining, perhaps, some insight into the volume of futurity. She smiled at my agitation and kept beckoning me into the cottage.

"Now," thought I to myself, "I am upon the

verge of an adventure." I saw nothing, however, but clay walls, a straw bed, some glazed earthen bowls, and a wooden crucifix. My shoes were loaded with sand: this my hostess perceived, and immediately kindling a fire in an inner part of the hovel, brought out some warm water to refresh my feet, and set some milk and chestnuts before me. This patriarchal attention was by no means indifferent after my tiresome ramble. I sat down opposite to the door which fronted the unfathomable gulf; beyond appeared the sea, of a deep cerulean, foaming with waves. The sky also was darkening apace with storms. Sadness came over me like a cloud, and I looked up to the old woman for consolation.

"And you too are sorrowful, young stranger," said she, "that come from the gay world! how must I feel, who pass year after year in these lonely mountains!" I answered, that the weather affected me, and my spirits were exhausted by the walk.

All the while I spoke she looked at me with such a melancholy earnestness that I asked the cause, and began again to imagine myself in some fatal habitation,

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

"Your features," said she, "are wonderfully like those of an unfortunate young person, who, in this retirement" The tears began to fall as she pronounced these words; my curiosity was fired. "Tell me," continued I, "what you mean? who was this youth for whom you are so interested? and why did he seclude himself in this wild region? Your kindness to him might no doubt have alleviated, in some measure, the horrors of the place; but may God defend me from passing the night near such a gulf! I would not trust myself in a despairing moment."

"It is," said she, "a place of horrors. I tremble to relate what has happened on this very spot; but your manner interests me, and though I am little given to narrations, for once I will unlock my lips concerning the secrets of yonder fatal chasm.

"I was born in a distant part of Italy, and have known better days. In my youth fortune smiled upon my family, but in a few years they withered away; no matter by what accident. I am not going to talk much of myself. Have patience a few moments! A series of unfortunate events reduced me to indigence, and drove me to this desert, where, from rearing goats and making their milk into cheese, by a different method than is common in the Neapolitan state, I have, for about thirty years, prolonged a sorrowful existence. My silent grief and constant retirement had made me appear to some a saint, and to others a sorceress. The slight knowledge I have of plants has been exaggerated, and some years back, the hours I gave up to prayer, and the recollection of former friends, lost to me for ever! were cruelly intruded upon by the idle and the ignorant. But soon I sank into obscurity: my little recipes were disregarded, and you are the first stranger who, for these twelve months past, has visited my abode. Ah, would to God its solitude had ever remained inviolate!

"It is now three and twenty years," and she looked upon some characters cut on the planks of the cottage, "since I was sitting by moonlight, under that cliff you view to the right, my eyes fixed on the ocean, my mind lost in the memory of my misfortunes, when I heard a step, and starting up, a figure stood before me. It was a young man, in a rich habit, with streaming hair, and looks that bespoke the utmost terror. I knew not what to think of this sudden apparition. 'Mother,' said he with faltering accents, 'let me rest under your roof; and deliver me not up to those who thirst after my blood. Take this gold; take all, all!'"

"Surprise held me speechless; the purse fell to the ground; the youth stared wildly on every side: I heard many voices beyond the rocks; the wind bore them distinctly, but presently they died away. I took courage, and assured the youth my cot should shelter him. 'Oh! thank you, thank you!' answered he, and pressed my hand. He shared my scanty provision.

"Overcome with toil (for I had worked hard in the day) sleep closed my eyes for a short interval. When I awoke the moon was set, but I heard my unhappy guest sobbing in darkness. I disturbed him not. Morning dawned, and he was fallen into a slumber. The tears bubbled out of his closed eyelids, and coursing one another down his wan cheeks. I had been too wretched myself not to respect the sorrows of another; neglecting, therefore, my accustomed occupations, I drove away the flies that buzzed around his temples. His breast heaved high with sighs, and he cried loudly in his sleep for mercy.

"The beams of the sun dispelling his dream, he started up like one that had heard the voice of an avenging angel, and hid his face with his hands. I poured some milk down his parched throat. 'Oh, mother!' he exclaimed, 'I am a wretch unworthy of compassion; the cause of innumerable sufferings; a murderer! a parricide!' My blood curdled to hear a stripling utter such dreadful words, and behold such agonising sighs swell in so young a bosom; for I marked the sting of conscience urging him to disclose what I am going to relate.

"It seems he was of high extraction, nursed in the pomps and luxuries of Naples, the pride and darling of his parents, adorned with a thousand lively talents, which the keenest sensibility conspired to improve. Unable to fix any bounds to whatever became the object of his desires, he passed his first years in roving from one extravagance to another, but as yet there was no crime in his caprices.

"At length it pleased heaven to visit his family, and make their idol the slave of an unbridled passion. He had a friend, who from his birth had been devoted to his interest, and placed all his confidence in him. This friend, loved to distraction a young creature, the most graceful of her sex, (as I can witness,) and she returned his affection. In the exultation of his heart he showed her to the wretch whose tale I am about to tell. He sickened at her sight. She too caught fire at his glances. They languished—they consumed away—they conversed, and his persuasive language finished what his guilty glances had begun.

"Their flame was soon discovered, for he dained to conceal a thought, however dishonorable. The parents warned the youth in the tenderest manner; but advice and prudent counsels were to him so loathsome, that unable to contain his rage, and infatuated with love, he menaced the life of his friend as the obstacle of his enjoyment. Coolness and moderation were opposed to violence and frenzy, and he found himself treated with a contemptuous gentleness. Stricken to the heart, he wandered about for some time like one entranced. Meanwhile the nuptials were preparing, and the lovely girl he had perverted found ways to let him know she was about to be torn from his embraces.

"He raved like a demoniac, and rousing his dire spirit, applied to a malignant wretch who sold the most inveterate poisons. These he infused into a pure cup of iced water and presented to his friend, and to his own too fond confiding father, who soon after they had drunk the fatal potion began evidently to pine away. He marked the progress of their dissolution with a horrid firmness, he let the moment pass beyond which all antidotes were vain. His friend expired; and the young criminal, though he beheld the dews of death hang on his parent's forehead, yet stretched not forth his hand. In a short space the miserable father breathed his last, whilst his son was sitting aloof in the same chamber.

"The sight overcame him. He felt, for the first time, the pangs of remorse. His agitation passed not unnoticed. He was watched: suspicions beginning to unfold, he took alarm, and one evening escaped; but not without previously informing the partner of his crimes which way he intended to flee. Several pursued; but the inscrutable will of Providence blinded their search, and I was doomed to behold the effects of celestial vengeance.

"Such are the chief circumstances of the tale I gathered from the youth. I swooned whilst he related it, and could take no sustenance. One whole day afterwards did I pray the Lord, that I might die rather than be near an incarnate demon. With what indignation did I now survey that slender form and those flowing tresses, which had interested me before so much in his behalf!

"No sooner did he perceive the change in my countenance, than sullenly retiring to yonder rock he sat careless of the sun and scorching winds; for it was now the summer solstice. He was equally heedless of the unwholesome dews. When midnight came my horrors augmented; and I meditated several times to abandon my hovel and fly to the next village; but a power more than human chained me to the spot and fortified my mind.

"I slept, and it was late next morning when some one called at the wicket of the little fold, where my goats are penned. I arose, and saw a peasant of my acquaintance leading a female strangely muffled up, and casting her eyes on the ground. My heart misgave me. I thought this was the very maid who had been the cause of such atrocious wickedness. Nor were my conjectures ill founded. Regardless of the clown who stood by in stupid astonishment, she fell to the earth and bathed my hand with tears. Her

trembling lips with difficulty enquired after the youth; and, as she spoke, a glow of conscious guilt lighted up her pale countenance.

"The full recollection of her lover's crimes shot through my memory. I was incensed, and would have spurned her away; but, she clung to my garments and seemed to implore my pity with a look so full of misery, that, relenting, I led her in silence to the extremity of the cliff where the youth was seated, his feet dangling above the sea. His eye was rolling wildly around, but it soon fixed upon the object for whose sake he had doomed himself to perdition.

"Far be it from me to describe their ecstasies, or the eagerness with which they sought each other's embraces. I indignantly turned my head away; and, driving my goats to a recess amongst the rocks, sat revolving in my mind these strange events. I neglected procuring any provision for my unwelcome guests; and about midnight returned homewards by the light of the moon which shone serenely in the heavens. Almost the first object her beams discovered was the guilty maid sustaining the head of her lover, who had fainted through weakness and want of nourishment. I fetched some dry bread and dipping it in milk laid it before them. Having performed this duty I set open the door of my hut, and retiring to a neighbouring cavity, there stretched myself on a heap of leaves and offered my prayers to heaven.

"A thousand fears, till this moment unknown, thronged into my fancy. The shadow of leaves that obsequed the entrance to the grot, seemed to assume in my dithered imagination the form of ugly reptiles, and I repeatedly shook my garments. The flow of the distinct surges was deepened by my apprehensions into distant groans: in a word, I could not rest; but issuing from the cavern as hastily as my trembling knees would allow, paced along the edge of the precipice. An unaccountable impulse would have hurried my steps, yet such was my terror and shivering, that unable to advance to my hut or retreat to the cavern, I was about to shield myself from the night in a sandy crevice, when a loud shriek pierced my ear. My tears had confused me; I was in fact near my hovel and scarcely three paces from the brink of the cavern: it was thence the cries proceeded.

"Advancing in a cold shudder to its edge, part of which was newly crumbled in, I discovered the form of the young man suspended by one foot to a branch of Juniper that grew several feet down: thus dreadfully did he hang over the gulf from the branch bending with his weight. His features were distorted, his eye-balls glared with agony, and his screams became so shrill and terrible that I lost all power of affording assistance. Fixed, I stood with my eyes riveted upon the criminal, who incessantly cried out, 'O God! O Father! save me if there be yet mercy! save me, sink into the abyss!'

"I am convinced he did not see me; for not once did he implore my help. His voice grew faint, and as I gazed intent upon him, the loose thong of leather, which had entangled itself in the branches by which he hung suspended, gave way, and he fell into utter darkness. I sank to the earth in a trance; during which a sound like the rush of pennons assailed my ear; methought

the evil spirit was bearing off his soul; but when I lifted up my eyes nothing stirred; the stillness that prevailed was awful.

"The moon hanging low over the waves afforded a sickly light; by which I perceived some one coming down that white cliff you see before you; and I soon heard the voice of the young woman calling aloud on her guilty lover. She stopped. She repeated again and again her exclamation; but there was no reply.—Alarmed and frantic she hurried along the path, and now I saw her on the promontory, and now by yonder pine, devouring with her glances every crevice in the rock. At length perceiving me, she flew to where I stood, by the fatal precipice, and having noticed the fragments fresh crumbled in, pored importunately on my countenance. I continued pointing to the chasm; she trembled not; her tears could not flow; but she divined the meaning. 'He is lost!' said she; 'the earth has swallowed him! but as I have shared with him the highest joy, so will I partake his torments. I will follow: dare not to hinder me.'

"Like the phantoms I have seen in dreams, she glanced beside me; and, clasping her hands above her head, lifted a steadfast look on the hemisphere, and viewed the moon with an anxiousness that told me she was bidding it farewell for ever. Observing a silken handkerchief on the round with which she had but an hour ago bound her lover's temples, she snatched it up, and imprinting it with burning kisses, thrust it into her bosom in the last act of despair and miserable passion, she threw herself, with a furious leap, into the gulf.

"To its margin I crawled on my knees and there did I remain in the most dreadful darkness; for now the moon was sunk, the sky obscured with storms, and a tempestuous blast raging the ocean. Showers poured thick upon me, and the lightning, in clear and frequent flashes, gave me terrifying glimpses of yonder accursed chasm.

"Stranger, dost thou believe in our Redeemer? in his most holy mother? in the tenets of our faith?" I answered with reverence, but said her faith and mine were different. "Then," continued the aged woman, "I will not declare before a heretic what were the visions of that night of vengeance!" She paused! I was silent.

After a short interval, with deep and frequent sighs, she resumed her narrative. "Daylight began to dawn as if with difficulty, and it was late before its radiance had tinged the watery and tempestuous clouds. I was still kneeling by the gulf in prayer when the cliffs began to brighten, and the beams of the morning sun to strike against me. Then did I rejoice. Then no longer did I think myself of all human beings the most abject and miserable. How different did I feel myself from those, fresh plunged into the abodes of torment, and driven for ever from the morning!

"Three days elapsed in total solitude; on the fourth, some grave and ancient persons arrived from Naples, who questioned me, repeatedly, about the wretched lovers, and to whom I related their fate with every dreadful particular. Soon after I learned that all discourse concerning them was expressly stopped, and that no prayers were offered up for their souls."

With these words, as well as I recollect, the old woman ended her singular narration. My blood thrilled as I walked by the gulf to call my guide, who stood aloof under the cliffs. He seemed to think, from the paleness of my countenance, that I had heard some gloomy prediction, and shook his head, when I turned round to bid my old hostess adieu! It was a melancholy evening, and I could not refrain from tears, whilst winding through the defiles of the rocks, the sad scenes which had passed amongst them had recurred to my memory.

Traversing a wild thicket, we soon regained the shore, where I rambled a few minutes whilst the peasant went for the boatmen. The last streaks of light were quivering on the waters when I stepped into the bark, and wrapping myself up in an awning, slept till we reached Puzzoli, some of whose inhabitants came forth with torches to light us home.

THE RAINBOW.

BY FELICIA HERMANS.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of a covenant between me and the earth."—GEN. ix. 13.

Sorr! falls the mild reviving shower,
From summer's changeful skies;
And rain drops bend each trembling flower,
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to day,
Which, wanting but that balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade;
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark, that arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bow'd!
Haste! ere it vanish, haste to view
The rainbow in the cloud.

How bright its glory! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays;
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair;
Gaze on that arch of colored light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Erat by the Eternal chain'd,
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,
Awful and unrestrain'd.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fix'd by his sovereign will,
Shall, in their course, bid man behold
Seed-time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the field,
When vernal zephyrs blow;
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth, which yet
Smiles with each charm cadow'd,
Bless thou his name, whose mercy set
The rainbow in the cloud.

Written for the Casket.

REFLECTIONS

ON HUMAN GLORY, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF LAFAYETTE.

Ingratitude! how many a noble name
Is doom'd: by thee to cold neglect and shame:
How many a patriot, from his tomb complains
Of pangs endured in dungeons and in chains.

A THOUSAND halls are hung in mourning, a thousand bells fill the air with solemn tones, and millions of patriotic hearts are sorrowing over the tomb of one, whose name is honoured by all nations, and dear to every lover of liberty. Lafayette—the great Apostle of freedom, and the friend of man, sleeps with all the mighty dead. His illustrious spirit, freed from mortality, walks with that of Washington, in the bright halls of Heaven, while his honoured dust reposes on the pillow of eternal renown. Pass over the pages of history—roll back the splendid record of the past—there is no character, save that of the world-honoured Washington, which may compete with his, in all that was glorious and grand, in all that was virtuous and noble. Whether we view him in society or solitude, in the forum or the field—whether we see him bravely battling in the cause of liberty at Brandywine, or standing on the fearful volcano of a French revolution, he is still the same grand and glorious character; still the same brave and benevolent hero. We find him still the same fearless and faithful friend of man, whether he was giving his gold and the glory of his achievements to the cause of freedom in the forests of America, or mourning over the miseries of his country in the dark, damp dungeons of Olmutz. How splendid must his character appear to posterity, when they behold him crowned with the brilliant honours of his own country, and receiving the homage of millions of freemen in another, whom he helped to emancipate from immutable despotism. To have been the bosom friend of Washington, was fame sufficient to immortalize the memory of any individual, but his deeds are celebrated in every language, and his name is known in every land. On every shore some gifted bard wakes the long neglected harp to the memory of the hero, and sings his brilliant career.

Though the name of Napoleon stands unrivalled in the archives of conquest, though he emancipated Europe from the dark despotism of a thousand years, freed France from a whole hecatomb of Bourbon tyrants, and made himself master of Europe, of Egypt, and the Isles, yet he dwindles into absolute insignificance when compared with that glorious patriot, and patriarch of liberty, the Marquis de Lafayette.

As different was their meed as were their motives. The one, actuated by an insatiable ambition, a reckless, restless love of conquest, sighed only for the pomp of power, and the splendid pageantry of French royalty. He thought not of his fields of carnage, of cities sacked, and the thousands who perished to perpetuate his name, when his eye was dazzled with the brilliance of a diadem, and he mused on the glories of a glittering crown, and the rich robes of royalty. He was ever ready to brave danger and death amid the burning sands of Syria, or the tumbling towers of Moscow, if his perils but

pointed to the path of conquest and the pomp of power. Whether he was plundering a gallery of the arts in Italy, or a mausoleum of his mummies in Egypt—whether he was crushing a crown, imprisoning a Pope, banishing a tyrant, or delivering from a dungeon the good Lafayette, he was still the same mighty and mysterious being; still actuated by the same ambition, the same love of power and renown.

How different was the character of the philanthropic and patriotic Lafayette. Born to nobility, in the lap of luxury, and bred in the most brilliant Court in Europe, he yet imbibed in early life, the imperishable principles of justice and liberty; and at the age of eighteen left his native land, where elegance, and ease, and opulence surrounded him—left the fascinations of the French metropolis, and the Court of St. Cloud, to aid a foreign people in the glorious struggle for freedom and the rights of man. Dark was the day of that struggle, and gloomy was the prospect that that land would ever be liberated from the yoke of a distant and determined despot. Yet he not only gave his presence but his purse, to the prosecution of that holy enterprise, which eventuated in the emancipation of three millions of people, and gave to the world a glorious pattern of human perseverance and patriotism. He came, not in the moment when victory hung the bloody banner of liberty on the lofty pinnacle of the temple of peace; oh, no; but he came in the darkest day of danger, when swords were leaping to the hands of heroes, when despair, like a cloud at midnight, darkened the minds of men, and the eye of Washington alone saw in the dim distance the brilliant hues of the rainbow of hope, and a happy hereafter. Thank Heaven, the patriotic Lafayette lived to see his efforts successful, to say in the words of Cæsar,—"Veni, vidi, vici," and in the language of the gallant Perry,—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Of all the illustrious benefactors and patriots, recorded on the pages of history, perhaps none, while living, have reaped so rich a harvest of fame as Washington and Lafayette. Illustrious men do not always receive the reward of their merits; the world is given to ingratitude. Miltiades, who on the plains of Marathon, with a handful of heroes conquered the crowded legions of Persia, and bound the brow of Greece with an imperishable garland of glory; he who eclipsed the fame of Themistocles, and threw a shade over the renown of Aristides, was doomed by the multitude to immediate condemnation for a single error; and while his friends, shocked and ashamed, reminded them of Marathon, he was permitted to pine and perish in a dungeon. It is true, that his picture by the celebrated painter Polygnotus, was preserved for ages, as a remnant of his renown in the Portico, where Zeno afterwards thundered his precepts of philosophy; but while it remained a splendid memento of his immortality, it also became the monument of their ingratitude and disgrace. Thus, he who had refused the sceptre of sovereignty in Chersonesus, that he might, by his virtues and his victories, shed glory on Greece, became a martyr to the jealousy of the mercenary, and met death in the chilling precincts of a prison. The ingra-

titude of Greece and her greedy sons did not even stop here. With the heart of the Hyena, they denied the right of sepulture to the sacred relics of the renowned hero, and it was not till the piety of his son had paid the penalty which had been imposed, that he found a grave in the land which his glory had immortalized.

The ingratitude of Greece can never be forgotten or forgiven. The venerable Socrates, the father of philosophy, the terror of the thirty tyrants, and the glory of Athens, and the world fell a victim to the envy of meaner souls and perished, a martyr to the principles he inculcated. Charged with corrupting youth, and denying the existence of the Gods, the aged philosopher and friend of man was doomed to death, at once, a victim to his virtue and to the glorious philosophy which he taught, and would not stoop to extenuate. Truly, in the language of the elegant Rousseau, Socrates died like a philosopher, and he might have added, like a Christian; covered with eternal glory, which a thousand tyrants can never extinguish, and which has burned brighter as it descended through the long, dark midnight of ages. The temples in which he taught have fallen, their columns have crumbled to dust, and other fanes of philosophy, which rose upon their ruins, are going down to decay; yet when these, and all the proud temples of Grecian glory and learning, shall lie crushed amid the melancholy wrecks of time's revolutions, his renown shall still survive, eternal as the virtue he practised, and imperishable as the principles he promulgated. It was fame enough to have been the preceptor of Plato, the great Apostle of truth, had he never adorned a temple or taught his principles and precepts to the world.

Ungrateful Athens! what a penalty did thy envy and ingratitude impose upon thee and the world. Cicero nobly declares, that he could never read the account of the death of Socrates without shedding tears.

Never was there an instance of ingratitude more glaring, or injustice more reckless, than was exhibited towards that illustrious individual Christopher Columbus, whose services and sorrows have alike been immortalized by the pen of the poet and historian. His philosophic mind conceived the idea that there was another land beyond the vast ocean, which no keel had ever cut, and no eye had ever traversed, but he was considered a visionary and enthusiast. It is recorded that woman was the cause of the fall of man and of the fall of Troy, and it is redeeming to her character that she was instrumental to that glorious discovery, which then covered Spain with immense riches and renown, and has since given mighty nations to the world. And how did Spain reward him for all his laborious toils and brilliant triumphs? Chains, and a dungeon, were all the rewards of him who made the most splendid discoveries to be found recorded on the long catalogue of human adventure.

Nor less ungrateful has been the world in bestowing upon Americus Vesputius the renown of giving a name to the New World, when it should have born the beautiful one of its brilliant discoverer. Had fortune made Christopher Columbus a conqueror, had he lit up the streets of

Europe with the torch of war, had he hurled kings from their crumbling thrones, and given away their crowns with the profusive prodigality of a Napoleon—had he deluged fields in blood, and immolated a million on the altar of his unholily ambition, statues would have started from the sculptor's hand in every land, and marble cenotaphs and magnificent monuments would have recorded his renown, and stood to future generations as memorials of his magnanimous career. Far different has it been with the grand and glorious character of Columbus. Oh, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon, that the great discoverer of America died in a dungeon. Yet common justice has inscribed his imperishable name on the pages of history, which must endure when the temples and tombs erected to the common conqueror shall have tumbled to dust, and his very name, shall be obliterated from the marble that commemorates it.

What is human glory? What are all the brilliant achievements of the Macedonian madman—the trophies and triumphs of the mighty Cæsar? And what the victories of the world-worshipped Napoleon, who snatched a brand from the French volcano, and lit all Europe with its lurid blaze? The marble tablets of their monuments alone remain the records of their renown, for they, with all their glory and their gold, have become the trophies of the tomb. How humbling the thought, that he, who once governed all Greece, and fancied himself the son of Jove—that he, who made Rome the empire of the world—and that he, who crushed a hundred thrones, and exiled all Europe's kings from their country and their crowns—should, like the beggar, go down to the dust, distinguishable only by the marble temple that entombs them.

What is human glory? Go muse for a moment on the plains of Marathon and Minden—go meditate in the fields of Pharsalia, of Jena, and Austerlitz—the genius of desolation sits there brooding over the destinies of thousands who perished to perpetuate the fame of one ambitious man. The pages of history has not even preserved their naked names, and their memory and their merits, have alike been lost, in the brilliant blaze of glory that surrounded their hero. What was glory to the thousands who perished on the plains of Waterloo? They sleep, not with the mighty dead—the garland of glory decks not their triumphs, nor adorns their tomb—to them the scroll of fame has never been unrolled, nor has the emblazoning trump blown the blast of their renown. They sleep the eternal sleep of oblivion, and their bleaching bones are obtained by the farmer to fatten his fields. No wreath adorns their bleeding brows—no flowers bloom over the place of their repose—and no splendid mausoleum lifts its marble tablet covered with the history of their achievements, for the admiration of millions yet unborn. Melancholy are the memorials of their merits and their martyrdom.

How different was the glory of Lafayette, the glory of doing good! How blissful must have been his reflections on the bed of death, when he looked back on a long life spent in ameliorating

the condition of mankind. No mourning mothers covered his memory with a thousand curses—and no weeping widows rejoiced in the hour of the patriarch's departure. Beloved and mourned by millions, he went down to the tomb, while nations united in paying homage to his memory and his remains. Never can his name cease to be dear to the heart of every freeman, and his fame will brighten, as our country marches on to greater glory and greatness. The history of his deeds shall stir up in the hearts of our heroes the spirit which led Lafayette to victory, and the memory of his virtues shall point them to the path of true dignity and honour.

MILFORD BARD.

THE MOTHER.

The cold winds swept the mountain height,

And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child—
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chill'd—her strength was gone.
Oh God! she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.

She stript her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapt the vest,
And smil'd to think the babe was warm;
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sank upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller pass'd by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was on her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—
He moved the robe from off the child;
It liv'd—look'd up—and sweetly smil'd.

STANZAS.

THOU little star, that, in yon purple cloud,
Hang'st like a dew-drop in a violet bed,—
First gem of evening, glittering 'mid the shroud,
'Neath whose dark folds the day lies cold and dead!
As thro' my tears my soul looks up at thee,
Loathing the clayey chains that bind it here,
There comes a fearful thought, that misery
Perhaps is found e'en in thy distant sphere.

ART thou a world of sorrow and of sin,
The Heritage of death, disease, decay—
A wilderness like that we wander in,
Where all things fairest soonest pass away?
And are there graves in thee, thou radiant world,
O'er which Affection, weeping, bows her head—
Where Hope's bright wings in the dark dust are fur'd,
And living hearts lie buried with the dead?

PERCHANCE they do not die that dwell in thee;
Perchance their's is a darker doom than ours:
Unmeasured toil, and endless misery,
And striving that hath neither days nor hour
Horrible dream! Oh dark and dismal path,
Where I now weeping walk, I will not leave thee,
Earth has one boon for all her children—death:
Open thy arms, oh mother! and receive me!
Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,—
Give me my birth-right—give the grave—the grave!
F. A. K.

MY FIRST DUEL.

"This is an awkward affair, Frank."

"Why, yes," said Frank, "*it is* an awkward affair."

"But I suppose I must go through with it," I continued.

"No doubt," rejoined my friend; "and you may rest assured, that although the anticipation is not very agreeable, you'll find the thing a mere bagatelle when on the ground."

"You'll take care to have every thing ready, and to call me betimes; will you, Frank?"

"Certainly, my dear Ephraim, rely upon me; and now, as it is already twelve, and we have to go out at six, perhaps I had better wish you good night, that you may rest and have a steady hand in the morning. Before I go, however, there is one thing I wish to mention to you."

"And what is that?" said I.

"Why," replied Frank, hesitatingly, "it is hardly worth troubling you about; but the fact is, there is a custom—that is, people have on these occasions a sort of habit of making their—"

"Their exit, I presume you mean?"

"Not so, my dear fellow; nothing was farther from my thoughts, as I hope (with God's will) nothing is farther from fact than the probability of such a catastrophe to the present—"

"Farce; but come, Frank, what is this that you would require of me, or enjoin me to?"

"Briefly, then, Ephraim, might it not be as well now as at any other time, just for form's sake, to scratch down a memorandum of your wishes respecting the disposal of your property?"

"Oh Lord!" said I, "is that the mouse your mountain laboured with? My property! God forgive you, Frank! Well, as Tom Moore says—"

"I give thee all; I can no more."

I will bequeath you my debts, with a proviso that you don't pay interest; but seriously, I'll think of what you say; and now, good night; and for Heaven's sake be punctual in the morning!"

"Never fear that. Good night," said Frank; "and do you hear, Ephraim? you may take a pint of Madeira, if you have an inclination to it, to-night; but not a drop of port, sherry or brandy. I must have you placed with a cool head, clear eye, and a steady fist."

"Very well," said I, "I promise you to be observant of your orders;" and after once more exchanging greetings, the door closed, and I was left to myself.

"Well," said I, when I found myself alone, "this is a very delightful sort of dilemma to be placed in. If I loved the girl, there would be some satisfaction in standing up to be shot at for her; but to be blazed away at for a wench that I don't care a curse for—to be compelled to fight for mere flirtation—is certainly, at the least, very disagreeable. However, I suppose I must let the fellow have a brush at me, and so there's no more to be said on that head. By-the-by, Frank, hinted (with prophetic foresight, I presume) at the necessity of my disposing in writing of my moveables. *Allons donc*, let me see.—

First, there is my linen and my clothes; let poor Betty have them, to recompense her in part for the colds she has caught in letting me in many a morning; the chances are, she'll catch no more on that errand. My coins and medals may be given to C. Then there are my books, and chief of them all, sinner as I am, my Bible, if I dare name it with the purpose of blood upon my mind. I charge you, Frank, deliver it yourself to my dear and widowed mother; tell her I revered its precepts, although I lacked the strength of mind that should have made me hold them fast and follow them; and, above all, never, never crush her bowed, and bruised, and lowly spirit with the truth of all the weakness, the folly, the impiety, that will mingle in my end! Tell her I fell by sword, plague, pestilence, or famine; but tell her not I fell at a task my common sense—my heart—my soul, which owns its divine origin—revolts from!—tell her not I fell as a duellist—Down, down my heart! the world must be worshipped. My other books may be divided between — and — and —, except my series of Ana, my Hogarth, and Viel's and Bachaumont's and La Chapelle's and Langley's Journales, and my Bigarrures; reserve them, with my Meerschaut, to yourself, and over them remember the happy hours that you have spent before with them and him who thanks you now for all your warm-hearted kindness. In the drawer of my desk will be found a portrait and some letters; I need not say whose they are, but I entreat you, my dear Frank, I conjure you, to take them into your own hands—to let no other look upon them, and to deliver them to her! Gloss the circumstances of my death, and let the tidings fall gently on her; but tell her, amid all my sins and all my follies, I remembered her, and loved her, and her only, and more earnestly in the last moments of my life than when I held her on my bosom. Tell her —"

I had written thus far when I was interrupted by a tapping at my door, and when I opened it Frank was there.

"Is it time then already?" said I.

"Yes," said he. "I am glad to see you ready. Come, we have few moments to lose."

"The hours have flown with strange rapidity," I said; "but I am prepared. You spoke to me last night of a will; doubtless it was a necessary precaution, and I thank you for the hint. I have attended to it, and have noted down my wishes; here is a memorandum of them, and I confide the execution of them to you; I know you will not refuse the task."

"God forbid," said Frank, taking my hand, "that I should; but God forbid there should be occasion for my offices."

"I also hope, my dear friend," I replied, "that there may be no such necessity; but I have a presentiment (and my presentiments have seldom boded me falsely) that this morning's work will be my last."

"Don't say that, Ephraim," said Frank; "if I thought that—but, good God! how can I get you out of it?"

"Out of it!" I exclaimed; "you mistake me. I cannot prevent my conviction; but if I saw my grave dug at my feet, I would not retrace the steps I have taken. Come, come, I am

ready;" and, taking him by the arm, I drew him from the room, and we quitted the house silently, and in a few minutes were on the ground.

On arriving there, I found that my adversary (whom I had never seen before) was beforehand with us; he was a tall, raw, gaunt, muscular fellow, with an enormous pair of mustachios, and having very much the appearance of one of Napoleon's old *sabreurs*. We saluted each other coldly, and then turned away, while the seconds retired to settle the preliminaries; their conference lasted some time, and appeared to bear grievously upon my adversary's patience, for he seemed eager to despatch me.

At last he addressed them. "Gentlemen," he said, "I beg pardon, but I think we may arrange in a breath all that is to be arranged.—" "First then," he said, speaking to Frank, "do you choose fifteen or twenty paces?"

Frank unhesitatingly replied the latter, out of regard to my safety.

"*Bon*," said the fellow, as he made a scratch in the turf with his heel, and prepared to take the distance.

I confess I was rejoiced at the thought of his measuring it, for I thought I perceived an omen of salvation in the length of his legs; in this, however, I was disappointed, for the vagabond stepped the ground as mincingly as a lady in pattens.

"And now," when he had finished that part of the business, "and now," said he, with a coolness that matched that of the morning, and bespoke him terribly *au fait* to the business, "whose weapons are we to use? Your's? They are only a common holster pair; mine are rifle-barrelled and hair triggered, and in every way superior to those machines; what say you to using mine? they'll make shorter work of the business."

"No doubt," thought I.

"What say you, Ephraim?" said Frank.

"O, by all means; what is good for the goose is good for the gander," I answered, with an attempt to smile; Frank therefore assented.

"*Bon*," said the fellow again; "and now, for the first fire; has any body a piece of money about them? Oh, here, I have one;" and he handed it to his second, who flung it up, and the result was in his favour.

Frank then came up to me, and, seizing my hand with passionate interest, said to me, in a tone of agitation, "Ephraim, my dear boy, be of good cheer; that hulking blackguard is evidently trying to bully you, but be of good cheer; let me place you; you are but a lath, give him your side; you know it is disputed whether on these occasions it is most prudent to give the front or the side; but let me govern you here; you are but a lath, give him your side, and the devil himself can't hit you. God bless you, and keep you!" And so saying, and again pressing my hand, he withdrew. Immediately after which we placed ourselves, and the next instant the signal was given. As soon as I heard it, I looked straight at my adversary, and saw him raise his pistol and steady it; I saw him eye me with the keenness of a hawk and the precision of a master; it was but the fair half-sec-

ond, but I knew and was certain he had covered me. The next instant I felt a blow, as it were, on the outside of my right elbow, and a something like ice stealing along the arm as it dropped nerveless and with the weight of lead by my side, and I heard the report of his weapon. I was winged clean as a whistle.

Frank perceived how it was with me, and was by my side in a twinkling, bandaging my arm with the handkerchief he tore from his neck. "Are you faint, Ephraim?"

"Not at all," I said; "but make haste, I long for my revenge."

"Is the gentleman hurt?" inquired my adversary, with a half-stuffed sardonic grin.

"Not a whit," said I; and he bowed.

"Can you give him him his charge?" inquired Frank.

"O never fear," I answered; "let me have the pistol." He handed it to me; I grasped it, but I essayed in vain to raise it; my right arm was more disabled than I had thought.

"Try him with the left," said Frank.

I did so, but found the pistol far heavier than I had conceived, and much heavier than I knew my own to be; it was impossible to level it with my left. I looked at my adversary and saw his features relax into a damnable Mephistophelic grin. I maddened with unspeakable rage—"Hell and the devil!" I exclaimed, "is there no having a slap at the long-legged rascal?"

"I fear not," said Frank; "but," he added, with affectionate warmth, "stand back, and I'll fight his second for you."

"That's out of the question," I replied; "let me try my left again." I did so, and felt convinced the pistol was more than usually heavy. I held it by the barrel, and then I felt assured the butt was plugged heavily with lead. The thought of treachery immediately came across me. The fire won at his own call on the toss of a florin from his own purse probably, and a piece contrived for these occasions, with the same impression on both sides. My right arm shattered certainly by aim, and his pistol of a weight that prevented all possibility of its being levelled with the left hand; all concurred to assure me I was the victim of a scoundrel.

"But it shall not go thus," I said, as I thrust Frank on one side, and advanced towards the villain with the cool purpose of blowing his brains out; "it shall not go thus!" And as I neared him, I poised the butt of the pistol with my left hand against my chest, and put my finger on the trigger to draw in his face. Fortunately, Frank, who was ignorant of my suspicions, closed on me at the very critical instant, and wrenched the weapon from my grasp, exclaiming, at the same time, "Would you commit murder?"

"With pleasure," I answered, "upon such a murderous villain as this!" But he was now secure from my fire, and seeing himself so, and safe in his superior physical strength, he sneered at me with such mean demoniacal insult, that unable to withhold myself any longer, I rushed on him and grappled with him; but I was weak from pain and loss of blood, and I fainted.

Suddenly I was aroused by some one shaking